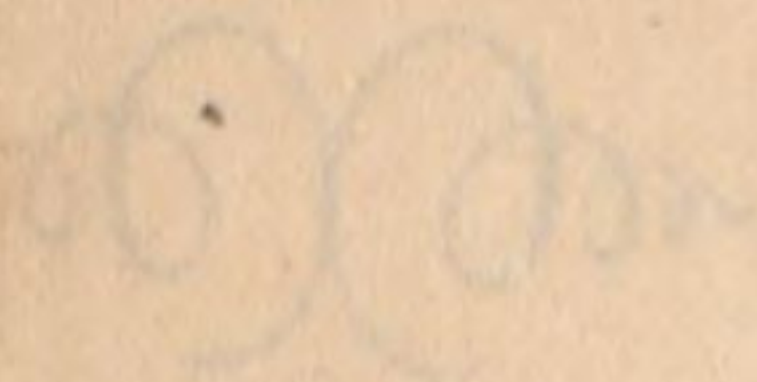
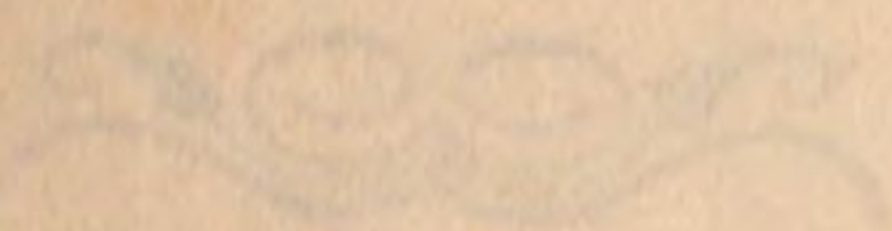


P. o. angl.

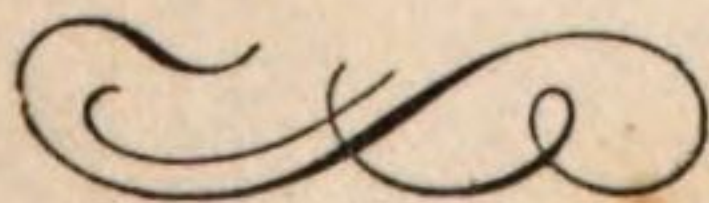
95

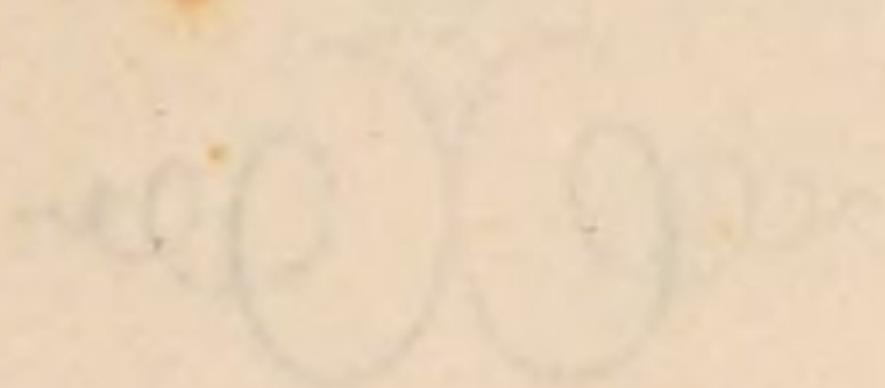
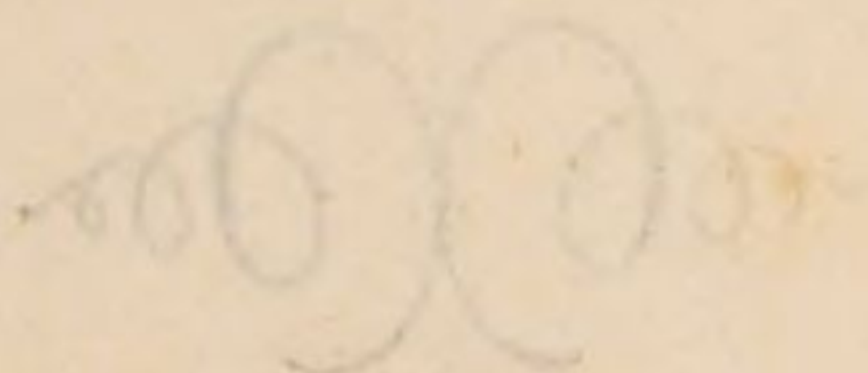
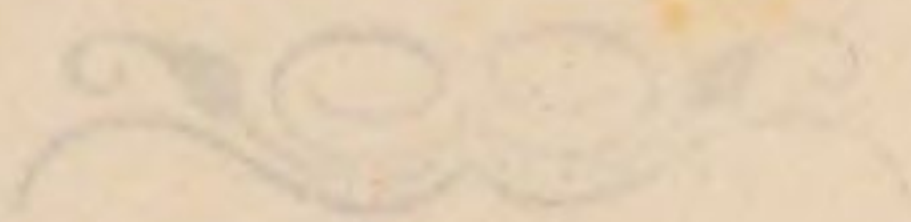
A

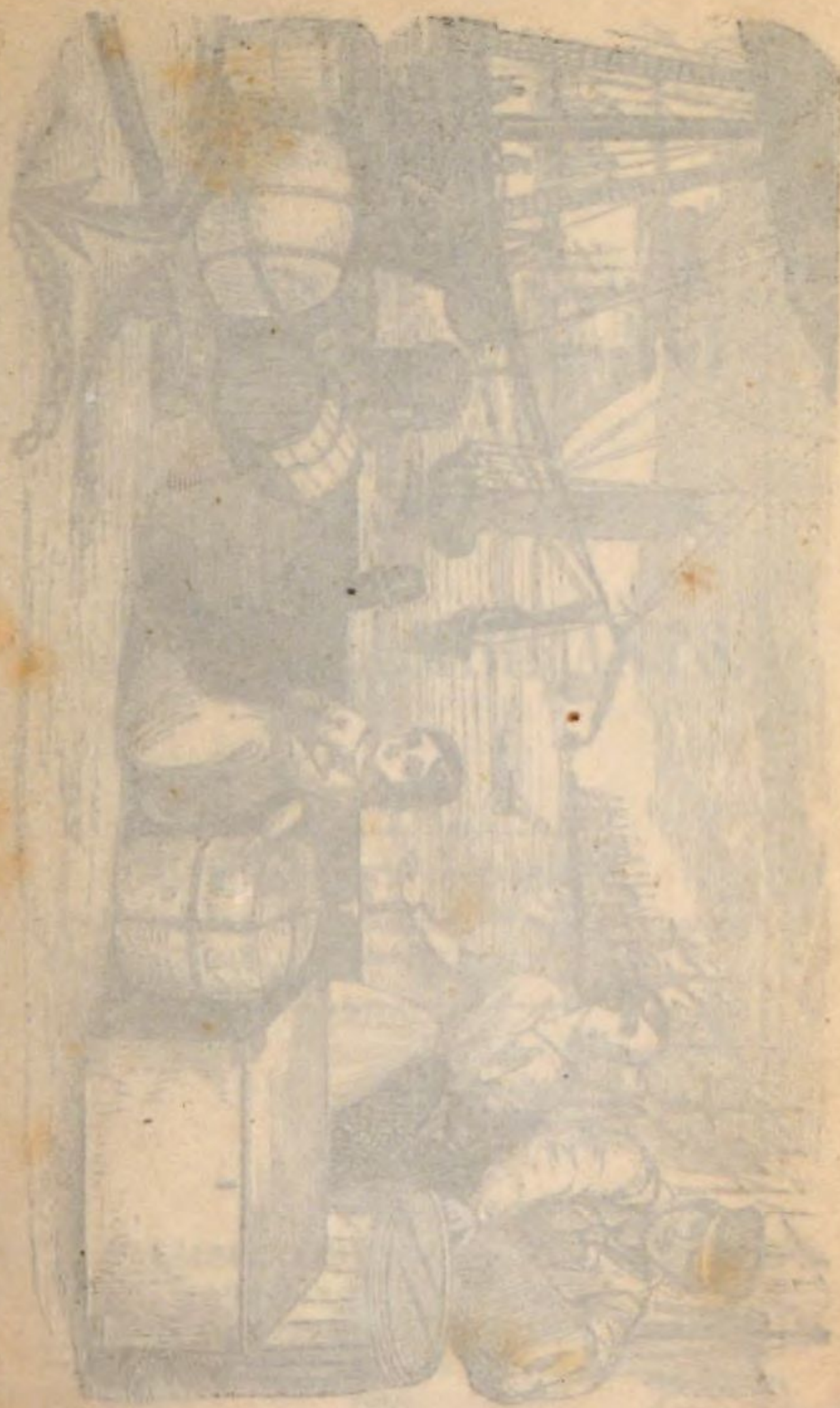


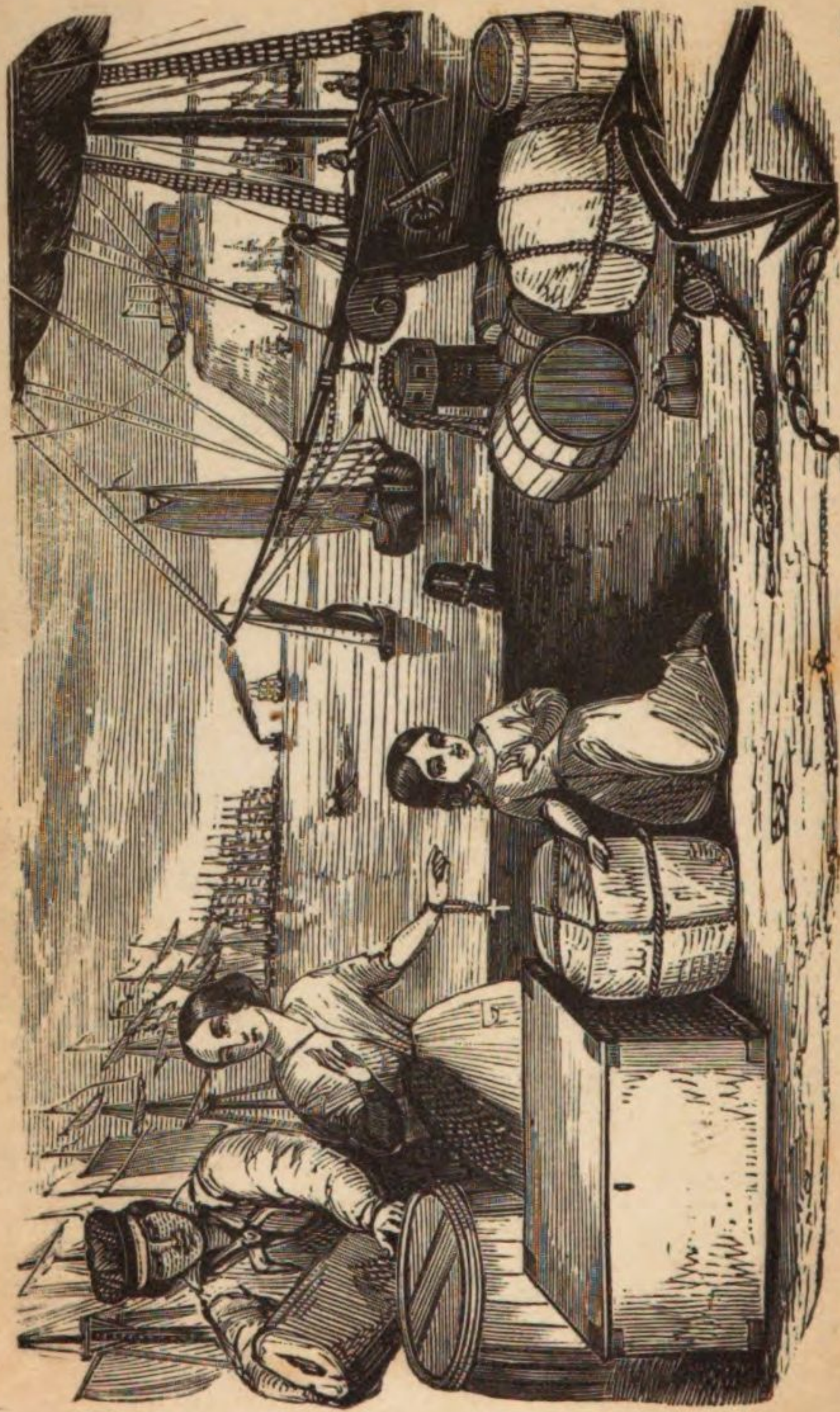


THE
ORIENTAL
Pearl









“She was affected to tears, and kneeling down beside the orphan child, passed her arm around her and said, ‘Come with me, Katrine, we have plenty, and will share it with you.’”—Page 24.

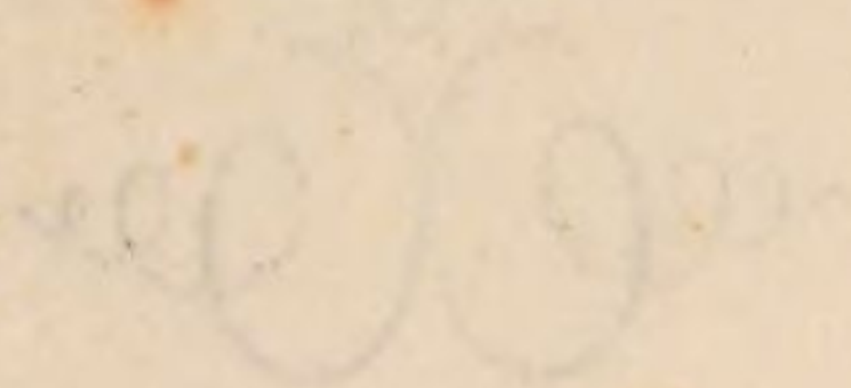
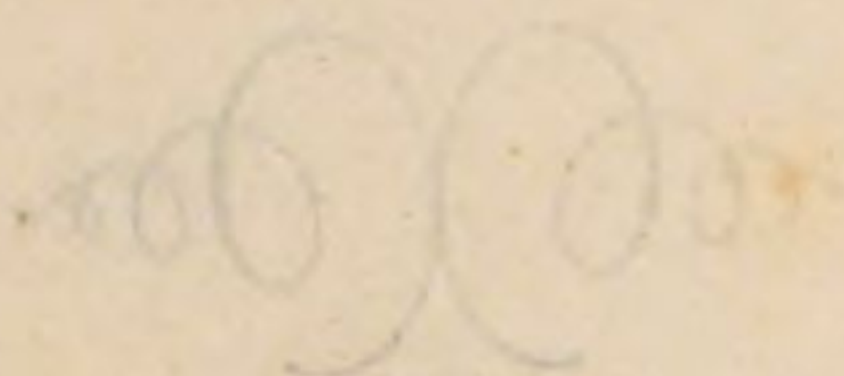
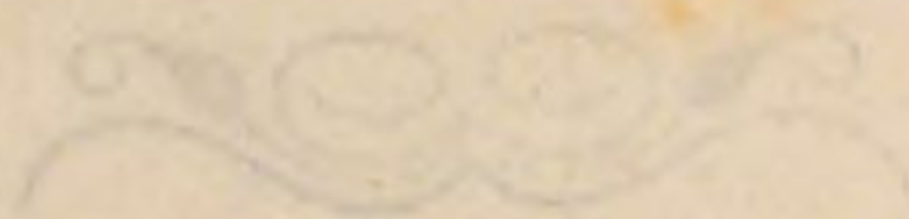
THE
ORIENTAL PEARL:

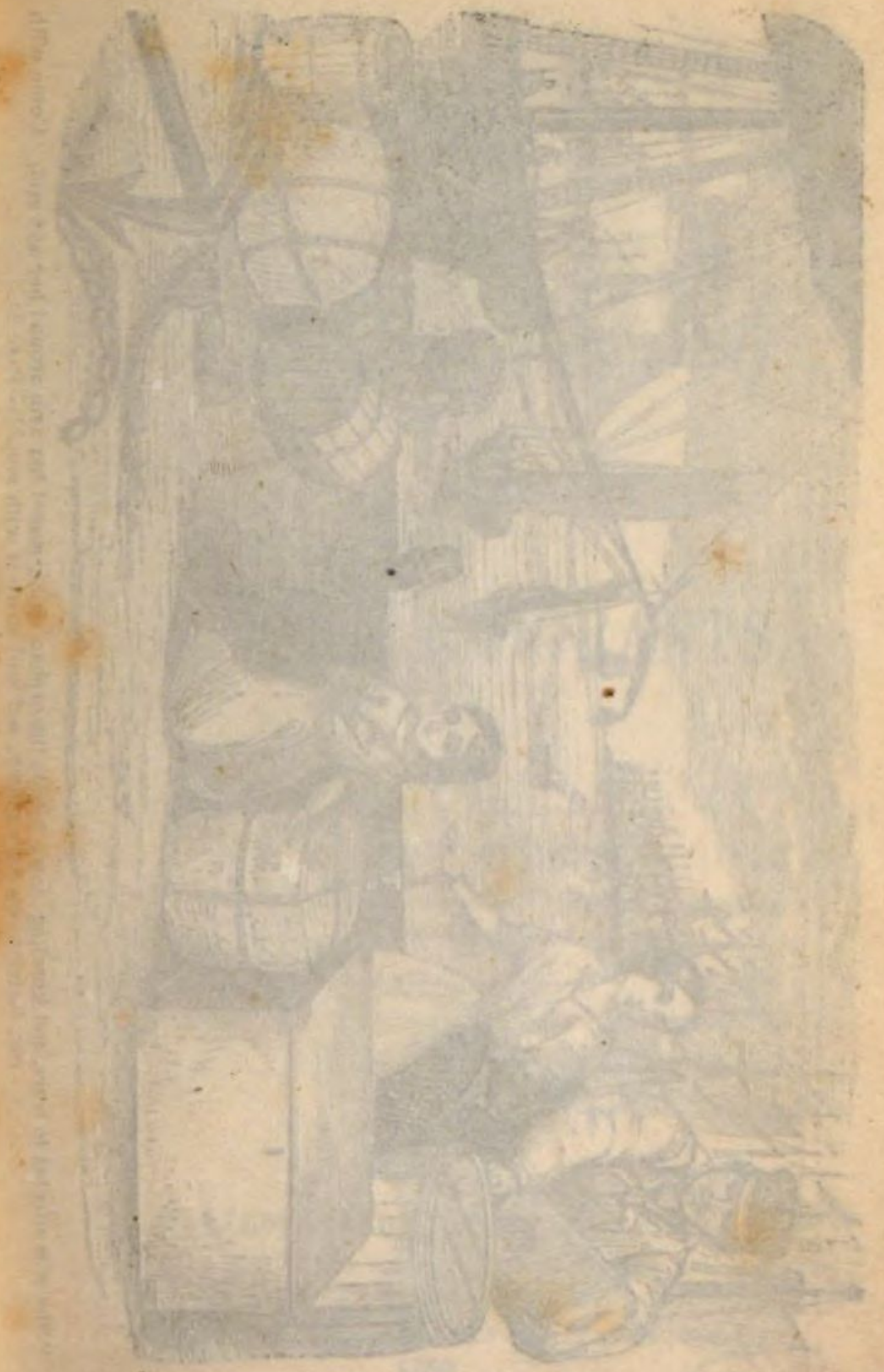
OR THE
CATHOLIC EMIGRANTS.

By MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Authoress of the "Irish Improvisatrice," "Student of Blenheim Forest," "Tears on the Diadem," "Sisters of Charity," etc.

BALTIMORE.
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY,
178 MARKET STREET.
PITTSBURG: G. QUIGLEY.
SOLD BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
1850.







“She was affected to tears, and kneeling down beside the orphan child, passed her arm around her and said, ‘Come with me, Katrine, we have plenty, and will share it with you.’”—Page 24.

THE
ORIENTAL PEARL:

OR THE
CATHOLIC EMIGRANTS.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Authoress of the "Irish Improvisatrice," "Student of Blenheim Forest," "Tears on the Diadem," "Sisters of Charity," etc.

BALTIMORE.
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY,
178 MARKET STREET.
PITTSBURG: G. QUIGLEY.
SOLD BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.
1850.



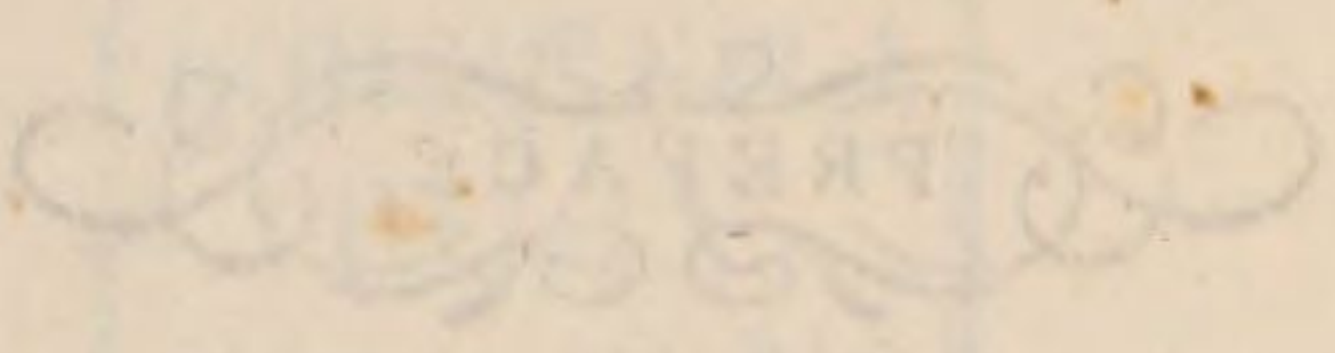
ENTERED, according to the act of Congress, in
the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-
eight, by JOHN MURPHY, in the clerk's office
of the District Court of Maryland.

PREFACE.

THE object of this little narrative, is to eulogise and assist in sustaining the great Catholic truth, that confidence in the mercy and wisdom of God is the best preservative from temptation and despair, amid the tearful and sudden mutations of life.

Placing it under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the authoress dedicates it to the Society of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; praying, that at least some soul fainting beneath its cross may find an incentive to encouragement and new hope in its simple pages.





The object of this little narrative, is to
expose and assist in subverting the great
Catholic truth, that communion is the means
and criterion of God's love to the best progressive
and obedient members of the Church, and the denial
of this truth is the denial of the love of God
and the denial of the love of man.
Placing it under the patronage of the Blessed
Virgin Mary, the subject is dedicated to the
Society of the Atonement of the
Lancashire Heart of Mary: praying that at
least some small labelling benefit its cause may
be an incentive to encouragement and new
hope in its able pages.





CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAPTER I.	
The arrival. Meeting of relatives,.....	9
CHAPTER II.	
The Wanderer. The freshet. The prodigal's return,.....	41
CHAPTER III.	
The city. The night blooming ceres. Life's mutations,.....	74
CHAPTER IV.	
The crown of thorns. The pearl,.....	106
CHAPTER V.	
Conclusion,	145



CONTENTS

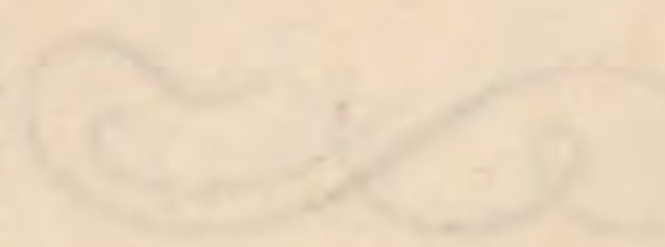
CHAPTER I.
The origin of the word "religion"..... 9

CHAPTER II.
The meaning of the word "religion"..... 41

CHAPTER III.
The origin of the word "religion"..... 74

CHAPTER IV.
The origin of the word "religion"..... 102

CHAPTER V.
The origin of the word "religion"..... 140



THE
ORIENTAL PEARL

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL. MEETING OF RELATIVES.



T WAS near the close of the Indian summer, the most delicious season in the American autumn ; a kind of soft and beautiful prelude to the harsh overture of winter. Like consumption, it lingers so gently and lovingly between the decay of the vegetable life of summer and the icy death of winter, that as it recedes from one and approaches the other, it as-

sumes a spiritual and shadowy effect which seems to create a pause in nature. The forests become gorgeously bright with red, brown, yellow and olive colored leaves ; the magnificent autumnal flowers of the richest tints, glow more brilliantly, and while a golden mist covers the sky, through which the sun-beams fall mellowed and warm on the earth, balmy winds from the south and west alternate, and fan with a lulling sound the decaying leaves. Birds sing their last and sweetest songs during this lovely season, and occasionally a brilliant winged butterfly may be seen fluttering around the still lingering roses of summer. The sound of children's voices at play rings right joyously out with the songs of the birds, and a hum of busy life, like a loud, solemn melody, mingles harmoniously with it. The echoes of the woodman's axe are heard far away in the forest depths,

and the merry songs of the farmers' wives and children, as they gather in for the last time their sun-dried fruits, while their sons and fathers, with many a gay spent and joyous laugh, shake the overloaded apple boughs, and collect together for the winter store, the red juicy fruits, are heard like music. Not only on land is one soft murmur of joy and thankfulness heard; but the rivers, bright and calm in the sunshine, have also their sights and sounds of pleasant revelry. Craft of all kinds and sizes, ply briskly to and fro, some going and some coming to lay to, in winter quarters; their white sails gleaming in the light, their gay streamers, the sailors' jocund laugh, and the many-voiced "yo heave," the mellow tones of the boatmen's horns and their wild choruses, which die away in sweet echoes on the shores, form a panorama of living and harmonious beauty.

It was at this joyous and beautiful season, that a large party of emigrants landed from a German brig. Their picturesque costume, and the gay colors in which they were clad, with the generally clean and healthy appearance of the party, attracted more than usual attention, from the passers-by. Some few, among them, spoke English, but others, when they saw only a strange race around them, and heard a language which they could not at all understand, felt indeed that they were strangers in a strange land. But although a momentary sadness clouded their faces, as they thought of Faderland far over the seas, and their humble homes, where their fathers, mothers and brethren, had lived and died, nestling among the hills, or standing in sunny places, on the beautiful and historic banks of the Rhine; the thought of the great privileges which they were to enjoy, the sublime and en-

nobling idea, that themselves and children, were to be no longer vassals, dependent on the caprices of petty and tyrannical princes—but, *freemen*—dispersed the fleeting gloom of memory, and lit up their countenances with a new-born expression of happiness. Their breath came freer and lighter, and they felt the dignity of manhood, arising to its full stature within them, as they glanced on the prosperous appearance of every thing around them, and felt assured that in this their newly adopted country, all men, however humble, possessed equal rights with the richest and greatest in the land. A little apart from the rest, stood a group, consisting of three persons. One was a middle aged man with a fair, honest face, and frank expression of countenance, whose hair was slightly sprinkled with white, and whose limbs were well formed for muscular exertion and activity. Leaning on a large

chest near him, stood a young girl neatly and tidily clad. Her eyes were cast down, with a modest expression, and a fresh hue of health glowed over her tranquil face. Her ruddy hands crossed each other, with a careless and graceful expression of rest and quietude, while folded over her fingers was a silver rosary, from which depended a small beautiful crucifix, and two or three medals of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. Altogether, without being handsome, there was so much modesty and good nature in her face, that, to her great confusion, she attracted the notice of many strange eyes. Bustling about amongst the packages and chests was a young man whose black eyes and sun-burnt countenance were full of excitement and life, and as he got things adjusted to his satisfaction, he exclaimed laughingly :

“There now, father Conradt, is not

that safe and sound? See Marie, your hundred thousand dollars worth of home-spun, and home-wove linen and stockings, laces, and the rest of your life-time industry, are safe in this box, I marked it myself!”

“That was very kind and thoughtful, Henrich, for so thoughtless a body as you,” she replied, smiling good humoredly.

“Thou wilt have reason, Marie, to thank me a little more gratefully than that for all my pains, a year hence, when you find out it is easier to get a silk dress in America than a fine linen garment.”

“Yes,” she replied smiling, “when thou art felling trees in the western forests, and fighting with the wild savages, the bears and wolves, instead of marching through the duke’s grounds, dressed up in a smart green uniform, marking trees,

driving off poachers, and living like a do-nothing gentleman!"

"The thousand! but wont I be a free-man, Marie, wont what I do get belong to me, if I get it honestly, and the wolves and bears that I bring down, be my own prey? Will I have to be taking off my cap, rain or shine, to every man that chooses to cross my path, if he's a little higher up in the world than myself, or may be, be imprisoned for life, or hung, if I happen to have an opinion of my own about certain matters? And another thing, then, simpleton, which is above all the rest, we can adore Almighty God according to the rules of our holy faith, and honor our Lady for ever, in this land, without being molested, or in danger of being quartered alive for it. Let the uniform and the gentlemanship go to the north pole then!"

Marie laughed, for she had said what she did, on purpose to make Henrich talk in his own droll and earnest way, and was about replying to him in the same strain, when Mr. Conradt, who had been listening, with a smile, to the conversation, suddenly exclaimed—

“Children!” They turned, and saw an old man some years older than Gustav Conradt, walking around the boxes, and surveying attentively the names written on them, then looking with an anxious and uncertain expression of countenance towards themselves. Henrich lifted his cap, and bowed respectfully to the venerable stranger. Conradt and his daughter saluted him courteously; for although they had never seen him before, their respect for age was so great, that they would have considered it quite a fault against religion and good manners, to have let him come and go without

some Christian interchange of fellowship.

“I thank you kindly for your courtesy,” said the old man, speaking in German; “accident and the fine weather led me hither to-day, and Providence directed me no doubt to these boxes, for I see on them, the name of a sister whom I left in Germany, thirty years ago. She was quite young when I left home, indeed quite a child, but I heard afterwards, that she had grown up to be a pious and industrious young woman, modest and retiring in her ways, and was an example to all the young maidens in the village. Soon afterwards, I heard of her marriage to one Gustav Conradt, who was the grand duke’s forrester. I see the name on these boxes! What means it?”

The eyes of father Conradt and Marie filled with tears.

“Alas! she of whom thou art speak-

ing was my dear wife,—this is her daughter—the only child she left,” replied he.

“True, she was indeed all thou hast heard, the comfort of my life, the dutiful and affectionate daughter-in-law of my parents, and in all things the faithful servant of God.”

“And where is she?—Oh how well do I remember her. She was my plaything when my day’s toil was done, and would set on my knee with her bright eyes lifted to mine, and her red cheeks, sometimes against my shoulder, and sometimes pressed against my bosom, listening with smiles and tears, while I told her the holy traditions of the saints, as well as some of the simple forest tales of Germany. Where is she, Conradt, your tears are omens of sorrow—where is my little Marie?” asked the old man, grasping Conradt’s hand.

“Marie,” said Conradt lifting his eyes, which were still filled with tears, towards heaven, “died as she had lived. Through the merits of our dear and divine Redeemer, we hope and believe, she rests in peace. Her life, unlike any I ever knew, was never disturbed by passions or any variation—she placed her sole trust in God, and in his holy name conformed in all things to his will—thus was her life serene and her death full of joyful hope. This is her child, and is called after her mother—Marie! The old man hid his face a few moments in his hands, and tears sacred to the memory of Marie, trickled through his fingers, but he soon overcame his emotion, and looking with great interest at Marie, kissed her forehead and embraced her.

“Thou art like thy mother, Marie, resemble her also in thy life. You have pleased me well, Conradt, although thy

tidings in some respects are very sad. I thank God from my inmost heart, that my dear little sister grew up to be such an excellent and pious Christian. This fitted her for every duty, and while it prepared her for life and all its demands and perils, prepared her also for death. The will of God be done for ever. I love you, Gustav Conradt, for I have heard you were a kind husband to Marie. Your reward will some day come. Who is this young man? Thy son?"

"No," said Mr. Conradt, whose voice still trembled with emotion: "he is the son of my nearest neighbor and friend Wilhelm Stiener. He was one of my assistants in the duke's forest, and after his father and mother died he came to live with us, and I regard him with as much affection as if he were my own son. He is a good young man. When he discovered I was coming to America, he

would not be left behind ; so come hither, Henrich, we have discovered in this stranger, the brother of Marie's mother, Casper Krunfeldt, who has been many years in this country !”

“ I knew your father, mother and grandfather, boy,” said the venerable Casper, grasping Henrich's hand, “ and only hope, you study to make their pious and virtuous lives your example. But come with me—all of you. My old dame still lives ; our children all died young, and are angels in heaven—we are lonely enough sometimes as we sit by our comfortable fire, without a kindred voice to lighten up our old age ; and think of Faderland, our little angels in heaven, and our kindred—but we will be lonely no longer, thank God. Marie shall be our daughter too, Conradt, and thou and I—we will walk and talk and work, and smoke together—and this lad,

also; we'll find enough for him to do presently."

They were very happy, these strange emigrants, now that they had met a friend and relative so unexpectedly. Father Krunfeldt called a cart, and with the aid of Henrich's strong muscular arms, the baggage was soon placed in it, and they were about leaving the wharf, when Marie saw a little girl, about seven years old, whose parents had died on ship-board, sitting all alone on some lumber, weeping as if her heart would break. Most of the other emigrants had left the spot, and this little friendless creature, forgotten and overlooked by them all, would soon have been left quite alone, without a friend in a strange land; but the Father of the orphan, who in all lands is the same, was watching from the high throne of his glory over the humble and forsaken child.

“Oh, adorable Redeemer!” she cried, lifting her little hands upwards while her eyes were blinded with tears, “I have been taught to pray to thee in every sorrow, now that my parents are dead, and their bodies buried in the sea, I am, as thou dost know, in a strange land, without a friend but thee—Oh pity me—pity me, poor helpless child that I am.” She then bowed her head on her knees, without noticing Marie, who was partly hidden from her, by a projecting pile of the lumber. She was affected to tears, and kneeling down beside the orphan child, passed her arm around her and said, “Come with me, Katrine, we have plenty, and will share it with you. The good Lord who has taken away your father and mother, has sent me to befriend you. He is your father, child, and the Blessed Virgin your mother—come—and we will be your friends and He will bless us all.”

“Oh good Marie! has the dear Lord indeed put it into your heart to befriend me—Oh how I thank him! I will work for you, Marie—wait on you, and be so good, and so obedient as not to give you the least trouble if you will take me with you,” cried the child, clasping Marie’s hand, and covering it with kisses.

“You shall be my dear little sister Katrine—come, my father and Henrich are waiting for us!”

She took the child by the hand, and leading her to Gustav Conradt, said,

“My dear father, here is poor little Katrine—you know how she lost her parents, and that they died very poor; she has been left by all our fellow passengers, and it seems as if our good Lord has directed it so, that we should protect her. What do you say, my father?”

“Say? Has not God blessed us with an abundance of worldly store, with good

health to increase it; and does he not command us to clothe the naked and feed the hungry; what more can be said, daughter? Bring the poor child with us, certainly. “Aha, brother Conradt, Heavenly Father has given you a good heart of your own. Yes! we will adopt the child among us certainly!” exclaimed father Krunfeldt.

“Ten thousand!” whispered Henrich to Marie, and smiling, while his eyes twinkled with pleasure, “but father Conradt will be like the man with the golden goose, if he can find a few more orphan bantlings like Katrine and myself, Marie.”

The child looked first at one, then another, and when they told her that she was to remain with them, she could scarcely understand at first, that in these strangers she had found friends, who would protect and cherish her as their own. Then, reassured by their kind,

honest manner, her heart, in its simple piety, overflowed with joy and gratitude to God, and as she walked along by the side of Henrich, who held her small tender hand softly in his large rough fingers, while the rest conversed cheerfully, she offered her silent prayer of thanks and adoration to heaven. They had passed through many crowded and busy streets, the cart with their baggage slowly following after them, without meeting a single familiar object, or seeing in the great throngs which passed them in a continuous stream, one face whose lineaments they knew. The sun was setting amidst splendid golden and crimson clouds, and father Casper told them they had yet some squares farther to walk ere they reached his dwelling. They caught a view towards the west, of the high woodlands beyond the city, the autumnal hectic made them rich and glowing with

brilliant colors, and the declining sun-beams threw over all a trembling light. They were all silent; the scene reminded them most vividly of Faderland, and thitherward fled their thoughts. All at once, as they turned a corner, they came in view of a large and elegant gothic church, surmounted by a cross, on the beautiful stained windows of which the last and brightest sun-beams fell like a flood of liquid gold. The hearts of the poor emigrants leaped for joy, as they beheld, in this strange and distant country, a holy place where they might adore Almighty God, as their faith taught them, and in his presence forgetting all else, feel at home. They observed a number of persons passing into the church, and remembered that it was the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, and as they approached nearer, heard from within the loud and solemn notes of the organ,

and the voices of many people, singing in harmonious strains a hymn of praise in honor of MARY. They paused.

“Our own language!” whispered Marie, joyfully.

“This is the church of St. Alphonsus Liguori, and it is attended by priests of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer. Many—yes, a great many of our countrymen, form its large congregation,” said Mr. Krunfeldt.

“Let us enter, children,” said Gustav Conradt, “and in the adorable presence thank Almighty God for bringing us safely over the perils of the sea, and still granting us life, opportunity and strength, to improve and sanctify our lives, by becoming more and more faithful to him, and increasing in good works and perfection. You all, no doubt, were thinking, as was I, of our distant home; but children, this holy temple is the Christian’s faderland!

Wherever he may be, whatever trials or sorrows may surround him, however alone he may be on earth, here he will find home—comfort—joy in tribulation, and great peace. Let us enter.”

They entered with reverence. The priest at the altar was in the act of elevating the adorable host, to a high and splendidly illuminated canopy over the tabernacle, and they knelt on the marble floor, and bowed their heads with humble devotion, where, with full hearts, they offered up their acts of faith, gratitude and adoration to their divine Saviour. Tears glistened on the hardy cheeks of Conradt; even Henrich, the gay hearted Henrich, who had never been seen to weep, was almost overcome by emotion, but it was an emotion of joy; so, brushing his hand over his eyes, his face lit up with an expression of great serenity, and he joined in the sacred hymn which he had often

heard in Germany, and in the fulness of his heart sang so loud that his voice was heard above the notes of the organ. Marie thought of her mother; the last time she had been at church was on this holy anniversary, and they had sung together this hymn; her tears flowed fast, and her heart throbbed with true sorrow at the idea of never beholding her on earth again, but the momentary pang brought with it its own healing balm, for with the memory of her death came the recollection of her pious life, and the joyful end of her earthly pilgrimage—and she was comforted. Her voice, sweet, clear and strong, was added to the swelling harmony; even old Casper, and the child Katrine, sang with pious fervor the beautiful song of praise to MARY. The scene was solemn and lovely. The many-hued lights, floating in wreaths of purple, crimson and gold, through the stained

glass windows which faced the west, filled the spacious church ; its groined roof, its massy pillars, and sanctuary with gorgeous beams, and mellow shades. The elegant altar filled with rare white flowers, and massy silver candlesticks supporting wax lights, looked like a throne of royal splendor, on which the adorable Sacrament, surrounded by golden rays, reposed in sovereign majesty. There too, they beheld on one side another altar, consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, decorated with flowers and lights, over which hung her image, as mother of the seven dolours, where, daily, faithful Christians sped to venerate those pangs which, through Christ, she suffered for us. On the opposite side they remarked another altar, under the patronage of St. Alphonsus Liguori, that saint so dear to the German people and to the world, which was also handsomely decorated. The poor emi-

grants were so grateful to Almighty God for this great blessing—this act of a merciful providence in guiding them on their first arrival in a strange land, to adore and pay their homage to him, in this beautiful temple, where they had heard his praises chanted in their native tongue, and received the benediction of the adorable Sacrament—that they could not find language to express their happiness and pleasure. Oh, who cannot imagine what their feelings must have been on this occasion? Their sentiments were those, as far as the veil of faith and mortality would allow, of one, who, after wandering in exile many years and passing over the dim billows of death, finds himself suddenly within sight and hearing of the enrapturing scenes and melodies of the spirit land.

Old Casper's house was a neat little frame edifice, standing back in a large

yard, which was literally filled with shrubbery and flowers, while the sides were covered with rose vines and sweet jessamine. Dahlias and crysanthimums of the richest hues were to be seen on every side, and in the door stood dame Krunfeldt, in her snowy cap and brown dress, with her hands uplifted, and her best spectacles on, in the highest state of curiosity and wonder, at the cart load of baggage which had been so suddenly emptied in her nicely gravelled walk. When the party arrived, which was very soon, and the mystery was explained, she received them with great joy. She was very much pleased with her niece; and the droll, merry sayings of Henrich, and the modest and innocent simplicity of Katrine, made her quite cheerful and happy. Old Casper and Conradt sat together, talking and enjoying a quiet puff at their pipes until a late hour. He had

a thousand questions to ask about Germany and the friends of his youth, many of which Conradt answered quite satisfactorily.

“But now, tell me Conradt, what was your object in coming to America?”

“I will tell you, brother Krunfeldt, right willingly. First of all, our good duke died. While he lived, you know every thing went on well and happily. He has often honored my humble services to him, by a passing word of approval, and once while hunting in the forest, of which I had the care, he rested an hour beneath my roof, chatting all the time, with great condescension and good nature, with us. You may be sure we felt honored, not only because he was the duke, but because he was a good as well as great man, and the father of his people, rich and poor, Catholic as well as Protestant. He built a chapel in our little village, and got

a good pastor to reside always among us, whose expenses, and the expenses of the chapel, which we could not well afford to pay entirely, he defrayed out of his own private purse. The Protestant grumbled, and found great fault with him—but what cared he, the good and excellent man! Well! as I tell you, he sat conversing with us, and presently asked for a draught of milk, and Marie said afterwards she felt ready to sink into the earth, when it flashed across her mind that she had nothing better than a wooden bowl to offer it in. The next day, a messenger came wearing the royal livery, and to Marie's astonishment presented her with an elegantly chased silver cup, which our good master had sent us, bearing this inscription:

“From Frederick, who honors virtue, to a wife and mother whose pious and excellent character merits the blessings of heaven, and his approbation.”

This was all very fine, and may be we felt too proud, for in a short time afterwards our excellent master died, and my good Marie was laid in her grave a few months afterwards. Then every thing changed, wofully changed. The young duke was a man of the world. He hated trouble, and cared about nothing but his own pleasures, and so they were ministered to, he knew not and thought not who suffered. Among many old and faithful servitors who were discharged and turned adrift on the world, were myself and poor Henrich who was my assistant. Just then came letters and papers from America, giving glowing accounts of the happiness, liberty, and prosperity of the people who lived there, but still I did not think much about coming until our good pastor was taken from us, and our religion, on every occasion, insulted and ridiculed by the new crea-

tures of the duke. We could have borne every thing better than this, for you know, brother Krunfeldt, a poor man's religion is a mine of inestimable wealth to him; rob him of its privileges and you rob him of that which is of more value to him than his life. We were assured that every man enjoyed liberty of conscience in America, so, having a few hundred dollars which I had saved year after year, we made up our minds in a few days, and joined a party of emigrants who were on their way hither from the north of Germany—and here we are; and I do believe that our tribulation at home has driven us to great blessings.”

“No doubt, man, no doubt of it, and it just shows that we ought always to trust in God, Conradt, with patience and resignation. He knows the future, and directs our way according to our faith in him. But what next? What will you do here?”

“Well, you know I am a man of the woods—I have been used to the forests all my life, and I thought I would move on to some of the western states, purchase land, build, cultivate and settle for life. But now that I have found you, I will leave Marie and Katrine with you and your good dame until I find a place to suit me, and when all is ready, I will come back and carry them thither. I will leave money enough for their expenses while I am absent, which will not be quite a year. I have some few valuables, silver spoons, and the cup I told you of, and one or two medals, which, with your aid, I will deposit in some safe place until my return.”

“Your plans are very good,” said Mr. Krunfeldt. The west is a great and thriving region. The people are hardier, and more simple in their habits than here. It is the best place for young

people—there each generation improves morally and physically ; here they rather degenerate. Yes, you are very right to go west !”

“ And our holy religion, how fares it in this western region ?”

“ Did I not say that every thing flourished in the west, and that most of all ; but not only there, Gustav, in all this broad land, north, south, east and west, the truth of the Catholic religion is spreading with a steady and perfect light, until I sometimes think that before long all will acknowledge her divine law and come joyfully into her safe and sacred fold. But it is late, and you need repose—come, I will show you your room.



CHAPTER II.

PIETY. THE WANDERER. THE FRESHET.
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.



AFTER enjoying a calm and refreshing night's rest, Conradt and his pious family arose quite early, and went to St. Alphonsus', where each one sought a spiritual director to whom they confessed with great recollection, and sincere contrition. Everything was quite still in the church. There was nothing to distract the eye, or divert the attention of the devout worshippers from the solemn mysteries which were going on at the altar,

and when the moment arrived for those who were prepared, to advance and receive the bread of life, as they knelt before the marble sanctuary rail, and the officiating priest in his snowy vestments paused a moment, uplifting the sacred host, and saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sins of the world," the early sun-rays, heretofore hidden by the morning clouds, streamed in through the eastern windows, and splendid lights of every hue filled every niche and corner of the church, and floated in halos of gorgeous beauty around the holy scene, where angels, themselves, invisible, folded their wings and veiled their eyes in adoration, while mortals received under the sacred emblems the body and blood of Christ. A sensation of unalloyed peace, pervaded the souls of Conradt and his family after they had made this their first solemn act, in a strange land to which they

had come, one of adoration and sacrifice of themselves and wills to Almighty God. As they left the church they met Krunfeldt and his dame, just entering to assist at the 6 o'clock mass which was about beginning. When they were all re-united around the breakfast table, a king might have envied their simple and undisturbed cheerfulness, because it sprung from a genuine sentiment of peace with God, and good will towards men; and having but few cares, their hearts overflowed with innocent joy, and the bright sunshine streaming through the open door, and the sight and perfume of dame Krunfeldt's rich autumnal flowers, which the soft winds wafted in, were gifts of inestimable beauty to them. They adored God acceptably, by thus viewing with grateful and cheerful spirits, the perfections of his wondrous creation, and they thought, as their eyes wandered from the golden mist,

which hung in the sky, to the dew drop which sparkled on the crimson leaves of the dahlias, and among the smoothly shaven grass, and they heard from many a tree the sweet warblings of the birds whose summer nests were built among their boughs, that they were in a paradise on earth.

“No doubt,” said the good Krunfeldt, in reply to some remark of Marie’s, “that after your long voyage, on a somewhat stormy ocean, every thing this morning does look like what you have all at some time or other fancied of the Terrestrial Eden; but, children, all around us is fading—death hides beneath the fairest aspect, and winter follows close on the heels of the brightest and most sunny day. We should enjoy it while it lasts, none the less, however, on that account—for if our good God had not intended that we should take great pleasure in these his gifts, he

would not have endowed us with the faculties of enjoyment, or filled each season of the year with its own peculiar glory. But what I contend for, is this ; we must read a lesson, and learn something which is of importance to our souls from them. Now tell me, Henrich, what we should learn ?”

“Nay, Henrich, good youth ! never attempt to answer any of Krunfeldt’s questions, when he gets into one of his long speeches. He’d put down very quietly the best counsellor in the world, I assure you !” said his dame, putting on her spectacles, that she might survey more clearly the honest countenance of her good man, of whose sense she was justly proud.

“Wilt answer me, Henrich ? Never mind the dame ! I want to see what the young think of such matters !”

“I candidly confess,” said Henrich, blushing, “that I am no match for so

wise a man as father Krunfeldt. But if I must—I must, and I can only reply, that I enjoy whatever comes, in the name of the good God who sends it. If fair weather, I rejoice, and sun myself like a bear under the trees, and if it snows—rains and hails—the thousand! I make a bright fire when I am within, and sing hymns and songs, which keep me happy while I work, and enjoy the red blaze and the flying sparks bravely—then—then—and sometimes, you know, I have to trudge out in it, over my knees in the snow, with the hail pattering on my nose until it is quite bruised”——

“Ah, then, thou art very miserable!” said Marie, laughing.

Conradt smiled, and winked at Krunfeldt.

“Why, no, a little tallow soon healed my nose, as thou dost know, Marie, and my body wrapped in woollens and furs,

bids a bold defiance to the frost," he replied.

"But thy heart—did it not grow gloomy beneath the gray sky, and amidst the bare trees of the forest, Henrich?" asked Marie, assuming a grave countenance.

"Ten thousand! Marie, what talk! Gloomy, when I was trudging along with a vessel of hot broth, and an armfull of faggots to a poor neighbor—no, indeed; my heart was warmer and happier then, than even in the bright summer sunshine. People, in my opinion—I am not much of a judge, to be sure,—make one half of their own misery, and very unjustly call it the providence of God, but I never did, and never will, make myself sick with borrowed troubles!"

They all smiled, and Krunfeldt nodded his head approvingly.

"Thou art a good-hearted rattlepate, Henrich—but thou art mistaken. Some

folks doubtless create their own troubles, but there are troubles which our good God permits to fall on us, that our faith may be tried. We cannot laugh for ever in this life: if we could, we should be so well contented with this world, as to care but little for a better. My lesson is this: let us prepare in summer for the blasts of winter; so let us enjoy the innocent pleasures of life, but as something which is so fleeting and shadowy, that while we stop to grasp them, the icy breath of winter may come, and chill our warm blood for ever. This delicious weather, these beautiful flowers, and yonder golden mist, are only the precursors of a long and cold winter—we may arise to-morrow morning, and see the cold wind of winter blasting the flowers, and hurling the leaves away in myriads from the trees, over the earth, then let us remember, that very often the happiest scenes of our existence

are suddenly clouded by sorrows we little dreamed of; then what wisdom dwells in that heart, which amidst prosperity, has so stayed its strength in God, as not to shrink away, like a coward, from trials when they come, but courageously in the name of Christ, bear its own heavy cross without fainting or murmuring! Listen, children, to me. I am an old man, and old age learns wisdom. By the faithful and humble practice of virtue, prepare yourselves in your youth and amidst your prosperity for all the good that may increase, that you may not grow proud hearted, and for whatever trials may befall you, that you may not become down hearted and repining, like sullen and disobedient children."

"That is a grand speech, good man—the grandest thou hast ever made!" said the dame, wiping her eyes, "and let us all profit by it. Now, Marie, come with me

to my dairy, Katrine may come also, or run out there among the flowers, which ever she likes best.”

Katrine preferred going to the dairy, and the three men were left together. “Brother Krunfeldt, can you not introduce me to some good, honest German merchant, who would keep my goods in storage for me, until I return from the West?”

“Truly, Conradt, you could not have asked a favor of me, that I could more readily grant. There is Mr. Harmann, who is a great importer of French and German goods, and whose character stands without reproach. He is a friend to his countrymen and always willing to do them a good turn, no matter how poor they may be. He never forgets the poverty of his young days, when ragged and homeless, he, by the charity of a merchant who observed him wandering about the

wharf, was made an errand boy in his large establishment. He's not ashamed of it—but tells it out boldly for the encouragement of others."

"He will do," said Conradt, "and now, the sooner I arrange my affairs, the better. Marie will bear the separation better if we go at once, than if we prolong our stay some days longer. Day after to-morrow, I would like to be off."

"Yes," replied Henrich, "the sooner we go, the quicker we'll return."

"So ;" said Krunfeldt, "you are right I expect. I will go with you at once, as I am not busy to-day, and to-morrow I will prepare for you a set of written directions, for your use on your route westward, which will prevent all mistakes."

"Thank you, kindly, brother Krunfeldt—it is the very favor I was about asking of you," said Conradt.

Mr. Harmann, who was an old and ve-

nerable looking person, with a kind, benevolent face, received them courteously, and entered into all Conradt's plans with great friendliness and zeal. Before night-fall, all the goods and chattels, except a few necessary articles which were left out for Marie's use, were safely stowed away, in his large and commodious storage room. He deposited also with this gentleman one hundred and fifty dollars, which he thought would be quite sufficient to defray the expenses of Katrine and Marie during the six months he expected to be absent. This money was to be paid in such sums as Marie's orders demanded through her uncle Krunfeldt. Conradt's mind was now more tranquil, and scarcely a pain or care was left, except that which the idea of a separation from his daughter gave him. After the evening meal was over, he announced his expected departure to his family. Marie's eyes

filled with tears, and drawing her chair close to her father's, she held his hand clasped tenderly within her own, but was silent. She dared not speak for fear of bursting into tears, and she loved him too fondly, wilfully to do aught which could pain or grieve him. Henrich was more quiet and thoughtful than usual—and looked more sad than they had ever seen him. He answered every question and remark addressed to him with his usual respectful and frank manner, but the laughing expression of his eyes, and the joyous smiling look that he generally wore, had faded from his fine sun-burnt face, and he did not, during the whole evening, voluntarily utter a word, except every now and then when Marie, who watched him closely, saw him start, press his teeth on his lip and mutter his favorite expression of “the thousand.” Catching her eye scrutinising his movements so

closely, he arose and left the room. The moon was shining down softly and bright through the Indian summer's haze, and going out into the little garden, he leaned his arms on the neat white palings which separated it from the street, and gazed thoughtfully upwards. His prolonged absence astonished Conradt, who had observed him leave the room suddenly, and he told Marie to go out and inquire if he was sick. She found him lost in thought, and a sad, painful expression on his countenance, alarmed her—he did not hear her approach, and she laid her hand lightly on his arm, saying,

“Thou art ill, Henrich, I fear!”

“Ah, Marie! thou!” he said, starting from his reverie, “no, I am not ill. But, Marie, I have thought a great deal this evening about our Faderland, and then the thought of being separated from you, whom I have been so used to for many

years, has made a child of me. I wish we had stayed in Germany, then we would not have been obliged to wander through never ending deserts to seek a home."

"Fie, Henrich,—stay in Germany to be obliged to pull off your cap to every body a little higher in the world than yourself—to be hung for treason, and quartered for your religion! Fie on you, what is six months' absence? True, I shall miss my father and thee, most sadly, but then we must forget the pangs of separation in the joyful hope of meeting again, very soon!"

"That is just the way with all woman kind—hope—hope—you do nothing but hope until the last gasp!" said Henrich, sadly.

"Well, Henrich, the good Lord has given us, as Christians, the privilege to hope for the best always; so I will hope,

that my dear good father and yourself will return in safety and happiness at the end of six months.”

“Ten thousand, Marie, you are right! But this day—this day is a sad anniversary to me, Marie; all day the remembrance of the most painful and sinful act of my whole life, has been haunting me like one of the evil spirits of the Hartz. I suppose it has chased away the cheerful peace of my soul!”

“Forget it, Henrich. You have repented of it long ago, I am sure, and God has blotted it out, with your penitent tears, from his remembrance,” said Marie, gently.

“It was connected with this,” said Henrich, taking a very small moreen case from his pocket, which he opened, and emptying its contents into his broad open palm. It was a large and splendid ORIENTAL PEARL.

The moon gleamed softly down on it, and it looked so pure, with its transparent delicate trceries of blue and rose color, that Marie thought she had never seen any thing so beautiful before. But a terrifying thought flashed through her mind, and looking in Henrich's face earnestly, she said, while her own grew pale with dread:

“Ah, Henrich—thou wast never surely, thou wast never tempted to a dishonest action: this is a very fine jewel; where didst thou get it? Henrich, tell me its history.”

“Thou art wrong in thy fears, Marie: it is honestly mine. But I will tell you its history: then thou must take it and wear it while I am absent, so thou mayest never forget, Marie, to pray to the good God to shield me from temptation.”

“Ah, Henrich, I could not forget you—but now tell me the secret of thy early life!”

“Listen! When you were a very young babe, wrapped in soft linens, and handled as tenderly as if the slightest touch would kill you, I was a boy of some fourteen summers old. I had a gay, roving disposition, which spurned and despised every thing which required application of mind or body. I loved to pore over story books, but my catechism and the histories our good pastor wished me to study, were irksome and hateful tasks. My father compelled me at last, by fear of severe punishments, to devote some hours daily to acquire a knowledge of his own humble trade, but my spirit rebelled more and more, and my evil propensities strengthened in proportion to the degree of coercion which was used towards me. Religion had but few charms for me;—I was disobedient,—and thus some of my gayest and most thoughtless hours were the stolen fruits of disobedience—through

that sin I was led into many other transgressions. Our pastor was a little rough in his manner—but a good man—I know now he was good, though at that period of my life, I looked only upon what opposed me. I used to say my prayers at night, because fear would whip my conscience into the belief that I might possibly die suddenly and awake amidst the everlasting torments of hell. But amidst all my recklessness and wild pranks, I always thought of our holy Mother with a strange tenderness. There was a beautiful oil painting of the Virgin and Divine Child, which hung in my mother's room; a poor travelling artist who died in my father's house had given it to her. I had been accustomed to see it from my infancy, and very often in my dreams, and in my wild roving on the mountains, or in my forest haunts, has the memory of her calm, holy face, up-

braided me for my sins. I was called good hearted : I would give my last morsel away to a hungry beggar ; and have taken, at the risk of a whipping, my best jacket off to wrap round a shivering, half naked child. But my waywardness and thoughtless conduct grieved my good, pious parents, and vexed our excellent pastor, to such a degree that he became extremely severe towards me ; he spared me neither in the pulpit nor in the public streets, and I was fast becoming a proverb for all that was bad and vicious, when in fact, my greatest crime was a careless and roving disposition. I at last began to fear him so much above every other human being, that I have run a mile without stopping to avoid him. I believe he grieved sincerely over my sinful course, but he seemed not to understand the tact and nicety of managing a temperament like mine. At all events I fell into the very ex-

treme he wished me to avoid. But at last, I promised my parents to become more settled and steady in my habits—I appeased the pastor by appearing frequently and with great decorum at church, and attending devoutly the ceremonies of religion. Every body began to cry out, that ‘they had always predicted as soon as the boy had sown his wild oats, he would become steady enough.’ My vanity was highly pleased, and the consequence was, that my reformation, which had no higher motive than pride, and a high degree of self-respect, degenerated into hypocrisy. I was a wicked fellow, Marie,” said Henrich, passing his hand over his eyes, “but the good God pitied me. One day while sauntering, about sun-set, through the pleasant road which you know was cut through the forest many years ago, I saw a handsome, jovial-looking young sailor, with his bundle

and stick by his side, reposing under a large tree, on the grass, singing snatches of songs from a book which he held carelessly in his hand. I was passing him, when he called out in a cheerful voice,

“ ‘Whither away so fast, shipmate? This is a pleasant port—come—throw out your anchor, and let us spin a yarn together!’

“ I laughed, and lifting my cap, was going on, when he again called out,

“ ‘Thou art an odd craft, to be tacking along in the teeth of the wind, at such a rate, when you might furl sail and harbor beneath a lee shore, with a merry comrade at your elbow, to tell you things which landsmen never dream of.’

“ ‘Where are you from?’ I asked, pausing a moment.

“ ‘Ask the birds,’ he replied with a merry laugh.

“ ‘Who are you?’

“ ‘A Viking!’ he said, laughing again.

“ ‘Thou hast been a great traveller,’ I observed, seating myself by his side.

“ ‘I have travelled over nearly the whole earth, and intend to start again in a short time to get the bag of gold that lies at the end of it,’ he replied, still laughing more merrily than ever.

“ I was delighted with so familiar and congenial a spirit, and reclined on the sweet, fragrant grass by his side, as if I had known him for years, listening to the narrative of his voyages and adventures. All my disposition to rove sprang up with giant fever in my heart, crushing, and trampling down every latent disposition which had promised any good. He talked recklessly of the perils of the sea, and of encountering its dangers on reef, in storm and tempest, as so many manly frolics—he painted the novelties of foreign lands in such glowing colors, and the life of a

sailor, as one filled with such gallant daring and undisturbed pleasure, that it ended, Marie, in my stealing away from my father's house at midnight, for the purpose of meeting him, and following him to the port where his ship lay to go with him before the mast. When the morning sun arose lowering and red behind the mountains, I was far away from my home; launched without the blessing of God or that of my parents, into an enterprise as new as its details were unfamiliar. The day became clouded and stormy, but my companion sung with great glee and talked continually, while I bravoed away my feelings of compunction, by telling him many of my disobedient exploits and daring feats, which he laughed at, and called me a true-hearted fellow. On we went, but the rain beat down on us—the awful thunder muttered among the clouds—the lightning flashed

—ten thousand, Marie! but I thought the evil one himself was hiding behind every black cloud, that rolled like an avalanche down the mountain side, *and I trembled.* Then came the memory of the calm face of the Madonna, and the God-child, so plain before me, that when the lightning covered over the whole awful scene with its lurid glare, methought I saw them gazing down reproachfully on me. *I thought of my parents.* Marie, then I felt as if God was judging me, for life or death, in that terrific storm. The rain and hail beat on my exposed head, and washed off the torrents of tears that flowed from my heart, but did not cool its burning fever. The mountain streams, swollen and angry, burst down over the gigantic rocks, with a thundering and awful sound which increased the mad elemental uproar—we ran down the mountain path, fearing we should be over-

whelmed, and determined to press on to some place of greater safety—but, the thousand! as we turned the path which we descended so rapidly, there was a river swollen and rising, tossing its waves furiously up, on one side, and the torrents surging down from the hills, on the other; the country was nearly submerged on the side on which we stood: and there was only a narrow strip of sands left uncovered, on which the waters were rapidly gaining. Some distance further down, a massive bridge stretched across the river, and towards it we ran, or rather flew, for life or death depended on our speed. We had scarcely reached it, when a monstrous wave came roaring and dashing along, and our perilous pathway on the sands was overwhelmed, and became the bed of a tempestuous torrent, or rather sea, for the seething waters extended over many miles of the country, and it looked like a

was inland sea. On came the descending torrents, plunging like ten thousand furies into the roused bosom of the river, until it raged and rolled its great billows down towards the ocean, with a wild din which roared above the sounds of the pealing thunder. I felt the bridge quivering beneath the awful knocks of the waves; and still we ran; but we had scarcely passed the middle pier, when I heard a horrible crash, and a shriek, which terrified me by its loud, despairing note; and it was swept away by the tempestuous waters. We clung to a portion of the wreck, and half submerged, were whirled about and borne along like feathers on the blast by the stormy billows. At last the river narrowed in one place, and we were dashed with great force among the branches of a huge oak which the storm had uprooted, and thrown into the stream. Almost spent with fatigue and cold, and fear

ing that every wave would separate the last ligament which bound the roots of the tree to its mother earth, we moved along on our hands and knees, assisting each other, till we reached at last the high banks on the shore. The clouds were torn asunder by the winds, and the moon—looking, Marie, as it does now, calm and holy, shone down upon us—on the rushing river, silvering its foam with solemn beauty, and showing us many a fragment of human habitations, dashing along with it towards the ocean. I looked towards my companion, lately so merry and full of life, Marie,” said Henrich, in a whisper, “he was lying on his back—his face, on which the moon-beams shone down so brightly, was blanched to a death-like whiteness, and from his mouth bubbled a dark, shining stream of blood. I knelt beside him, and tearing my neck-cloth to pieces, tried to staunch the hæ-

morrhage, but in vain, and pushing back my hand, he drew my face gently down near his own, and whispered,

“ ‘I am dying. I have been a disobedient son. I tempted you to wrong—forgive me, and pray for me!’ ”

“ ‘How could I, the sinner, pray—oh God! can the agony of that moment ever be forgotten?’ ” exclaimed Henrich, clasping his hands together. Marie wept.

“ ‘PRAY,’ he again whispered. ‘I am dying. When the bridge fell, a beam struck heavily against my chest. I felt then that mischief was done—my last voyage is nearly up.’ The bleeding now ceased, and he closed his eyes for a moment. I thought he was dead, but he again pressed my hand and whispered,

“ ‘PRAY!’ ”

“ With a breaking heart I prayed for him—for myself. I had heard of the dying thief, and repeated the story to him.

“‘It is good,’ he said, ‘pity me, Lord Jesus, as thou didst pity him. Henrich, in my pocket thou wilt find—an—Oriental Pearl—I got it in India—keep that pearl and remember this hour. There—mother—mother—just this one voyage—just once, mother—’ He spoke no more. I knelt beside the dead.”

Henrich bowed his head down on his arms which still remained folded on the top of the garden fence, and was silent. His heart was too full to continue his narrative for several moments, and Marie, whose gentle nature was astonished and grieved at the disclosure, pitied while she sorrowed over his early faults.

“But, Henrich,” she at last said, “the good Lord rode on the whirlwind! How didst thou return?”

“Like the prodigal son, Marie,” he replied, while the gloom seemed to be passing away from his countenance. “I

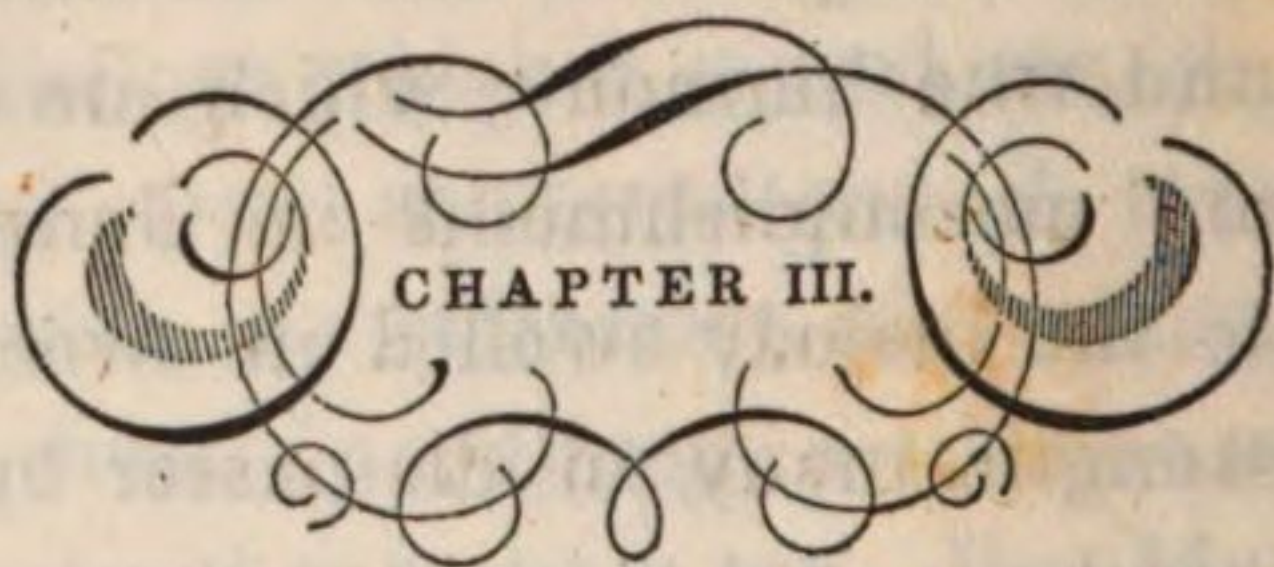
was offered a shelter by some poor fishermen whose cottages stood on the banks of the river, who assisted me in scooping out a grave on a shaded and beautiful hill, within view of the river. There we laid the body of the young stranger, and these good men, who were faithful servants of God, said together over him the prayers of the church for the repose of his departed and penitent soul. I returned home changed, I trust, Marie, by the grace of God, into a new creature. My parents fell on my neck and covered my face with tears and kisses of welcome, as I knelt before them, instead of driving me with deserved reproaches from their presence. There was great joy over the wanderer who had so unexpectedly returned! The good pastor received me in his own peculiar but kind way, half distrustful of my professions of amendment, but still hoping for the best. Had not the grace of God

strengthened my spirit, I could not have borne his severity towards me. But the humiliations which it caused me, though painful were salutary—and it may be that, with my refractory disposition, nothing short of a very rigid discipline would have served to restrain me. But Marie—thou dost know the rest. I leave you very soon now—perhaps we shall never meet again; take this pearl; I would part with one of my limbs rather than lose it—it has been oftener than once a warning angel to me, but thou—Marie—my sister, I would have you sometimes remember me while I am absent, therefore keep it, and whenever thou dost behold it, pray for Henrich!”

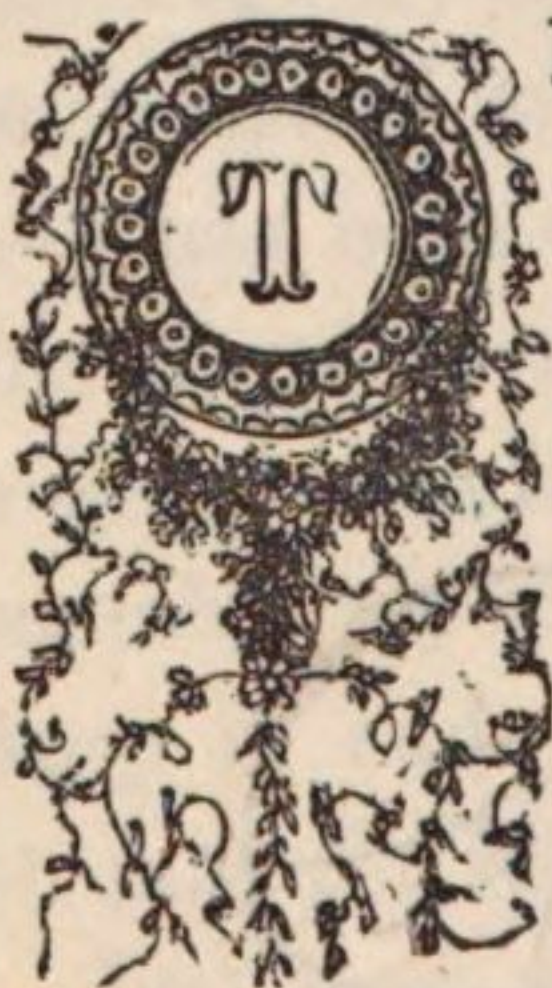
Just then they heard the manly voice of Conradt, singing the evening hymn, and gliding softly in, they resumed their places quietly in the little circle, and their voices soon mingled with his in the har-

monious numbers. Krunfeldt and his dame also sang with that accuracy of time and true harmony, which are quite national accomplishments in Germany, and as the melody swelled in sweetness and strength, many an idle passer by lingered without, and listened with pleasure and respect to the hymn which honored in sublime words the Mother of our Lord.





**THE CITY. THE NIGHT BLOOMING CERES.
LIFE'S MUTATIONS.**



THE next day was spent as one of recreation by Conradt and the rest. Krunfeldt and his dame, attired in their most respectable holiday suits, accompanied them. They walked through the city, seeing and admiring every thing worthy of notice. The chaste and elegant monument erected to the memory of WASHINGTON, particularly delighted them. In their distant forest home in Germany,

they had long ago become familiar with his great name, and sublime deeds ; the name of this distinguished warrior, who, like a second Cyrus, called of God, went forth conquering and liberating from worse than Babylonish slavery, an oppressed and enslaved people, had, always in their minds, been synonymous with the genius and name of FREEDOM ; and now as they stood on his native soil—that soil which through him had become a refuge for the oppressed and unfortunate of every land ; and while increasing in majesty, and rising ever upwards like an eagle towards the sun, commands the wonder and admiration of the crumbling systems—the falling dynasties, and the feeble governments of the old world ; their hearts expanded with new and exquisite sensations, and while they paid willing homage to his memory, adored the mercy and power of the Lord God, who had given might and

success to his arms, and wisdom to his noble and unselfish heart; and led them hither, as to a new land of promise. From the high elevation on which they stood, they saw the city spread out in picturesque order around them. They observed that it was built on gently sloping hills, and contained numerous splendid public buildings, and elegantly constructed private edifices. Tapering spires, monuments, columns and domes gleamed high above these, on many of which they beheld with pious joy, glittering against the bright sky, the emblem of their holy faith. A great number of the streets were shaded by beautiful trees, which not yet having cast their leaves, imparted a most cheerful aspect to the city, which half surrounded by its splendid harbor, filled with shipping from every quarter of the world, from whose mast-heads fluttered their respective flags of every hue and form; while in

the distance, mingling with the misty horizon, rolled the broad, bright waters of the Chesapeake Bay, and on the south and western boundaries of the city arose a hilly country, covered with umbrageous trees, now tinged with the most brilliant hues of autumn ; altogether it presented to their eyes, so accustomed to the ancient and time-worn cities of Germany, a most picturesque and delightful panorama. The historic associations connected with their dim old cities were full of the glories of the past, but it was a past which gave no fair promises for their future ; in it, national chivalry and national hope seemed to lie buried, while Faith wept over the wreck which a blasphemous division of her holy doctrines had made. Therefore were these historic traditions and stories of but little importance to them, except to while away the long winter evenings, by relating to each other the wild roman-

ces founded on them, and ghostly legends, which they had heard from their fathers, and they, from theirs. But here was a new vista opened for their hopes, its past was a guarantee for future ages and an example for the world; the genius of liberty watched smilingly over its destinies, and truth rejoiced, that at last, like the dove of old, she had found a soil where her scions might flourish, unmolested for ever. The feet of an overgrown aristocracy, pampered by indulgence, and insolent from age, pressed not on the necks of the people; who acknowledged but one species of nobility, and that was one whose patent proceeding from God himself, was open to all, and attainable with its own high distinctions, by all whose talents and excellence raise them above their fellows, or who practice these essential qualities of virtue—industry and integrity. Insensibly, these ideas, scarcely

defined so regularly, floated through the minds of the emigrants, while they stood beside the monument of Washington; but the impression they left was one of security and tranquillity. They were in quite a happy mood when they returned home, and they had scarcely arranged themselves around the table when the door opened, and to the pleased astonishment of all, the Rev. Father Holburg entered, and with an affable and social manner, joined their little circle. Like Krunfeldt his head was silvered with age, but the fresh and happy expression of his countenance gave assurance that his heart was enjoying its youth still, and his age had fallen as lightly on his body as a spring snow over the early crocus flowers. The dignity of his high office was so charmingly united in his character with the friendly and social qualities of every day life, that in a few minutes a cheerful con-

versation ensued, in which religion so beautifully mingled, that nothing could be more agreeable and edifying. He welcomed Conradt and his family to America, and gave them much good and salutary advice, which from his long residence and experience in this country, he was well qualified to do, and approving of his plan of going westward, promised to watch over the welfare of Marie and Katrine while he was absent. He was much pleased with their simple and unaffected piety, and the benevolent disposition they had displayed towards the orphan Katrine, and bidding them persevere in every good and high aim of excellence, and improve daily the graces which God had bestowed on them, left them for the purpose of visiting the sick.

“Aha!” whispered Henrich to Marie, after he had gone, “this is an angel of a pastor.”

“Ah, Henrich, wilt thou never get over thy unchristian spite? Remember how different were the natures and tempers of St. Peter and St. John the beloved, and yet how equally in his affection did our dear Lord regard them, and what different degrees of good were they both appointed to accomplish. Thou dost know the history of each—and many other things which ought to teach thy heart better things.”

“Now, Marie—what a tangent! did not I merely say that Father Holburg is an angel of a pastor? What harm in that, pray?” asked Henrich, laughing.

“None, Henrich, but on thy honor answer me! Didst thou not contrast F. Holburg in thy mind with the good pastor whom thou formerly knewest?” asked Marie.

“How could I help it, Marie?—but I will never have a spiteful thought again while I live, against the pastor—he was

a good man—and the only fault was on my side, I acknowledge. So let him be St. Peter.”

The day ended cheerfully. Henrich was full of his droll sayings, and poured forth the overflowing happiness of his heart in harmless jests—songs and hymns of Faderland; while Conradt and Krunfeldt sat in a corner talking, and smoking like two chimneys, half hidden in the clouds of vapor which rolled around them. Henrich pinched Katrine's ear, and told her they were like the genii that the fisherman of China caught in his nets, sealed up in a copper vessel, which being opened, they escaped gradually in the form of great clouds. The child laughed, and dame Krunfeldt gave him a rap over his knuckles with her netting stick, and Marie smiled as she wound the fine thread which Katrine held in skeins on her hands into balls.

“Henrich,” said Conradt, “dost remember our Schiller’s story of Rudolph of Hapsburg? Some two years ago, one could hear nothing else from thy lips; hast forgotten it quite?”

“Ah, father Conradt,” said Henrich, while he pressed his hand over his eyes, “that was my dear mother’s favorite song—after she died—it reminded me too much of her. It used to choke me when I tried to sing it——”

“Well, well! good youth,” replied Conradt, “forgive me if I have wounded thee—thou shalt not sing it, or even think of it, for our gratification, if it pains thee.”

“My mother rests, I hope, through the mercies of our dear Redeemer, in peace,” said Henrich, in a low voice, to Marie; “do thou, Marie, help me, and I will sing it.”

And their voices sweetly according, they sang together the beautiful ballad of

RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

At Achen in imperial state,
In that time-hallowed hall renowned,
'Mid solemn pomp King Rodolph sat
At the high feast—a kaisir crowned;
The Cates—the Palgrave of the Rhine—
Bohemia bore, the sparkling wine,
And all the electors seven
Like choral stars around the sun
Gird him, whose hand a world has won,
The anointed choice of heaven.

In balconies round, in many a row
Sat lords and ladies gay;
With the trumpet's brazen voice below
Rang the people's loud huzza;
For closed at last was an age of slaughter
When human blood was poured like water;
The justice seat no longer,
Bereft of the judge, was usurped by the spear,
Nor the weak and the peaceful trembled in fear,
To be made the prey of the stronger.

Now the Kaiser has grasped his goblet of gold
And he speaks in courteous tone,
“The feast is right royal and bright to behold,
And the joy is all mine own?”

But the bard—the bringer of joy—I miss,
Who was wont to arouse my bosom to bliss,
Or to godlike thoughts awaken ;
His voice and harp were my youth's delight
And what I so prized as a simple knight,
Be ne'er from the monarch taken."

Then forth in that circle of princes bright
Stepped the bard in his loose robe flowing,
His beard and locks were silver white,
But he sang in tones fresh and glowing ;
" Sweet music sleeps in the golden strings,"
He cried, " and each theme the minstrel sings,
The grave—the gay—and all
That the heart can wish, or the sense can cheer ;
Then say what it fitteth the Kaiser to hear
Amid his banquet hall ?"

King Rodolph smiled—" I may not command ;
This minstrel owns a loftier power ;
A mightier master sways his hand—
He obeys the RULING HOUR.
As free through the air the tempests sweep,
As gush forth springs from the mystic deep,
Or the lone untrodden glen,
So the minstrel's song, from its inward source

Gushes into light with that mighty force
Which sways the souls of men."

At the word, the minstrel sweeps the string,
And these words rose on the ear;
"A noble hunter is on the wing
To chase the chamois deer;
With shaft and horn, and squire behind,
Through mead and glen the riders wind,
When a small sweet bell they hear;
And see! with the blessed Host is sped
A priest on his way to a sick man's bed,
Who waits the VIATICUM there.

And see! the count with his head all bare
Springs to the earth in adoration,
To worship in much devotion there
The Author of man's salvation.
Loud through the glen a torrent roars,
Deep rains had swollen it above its shores,
The traveller's way impeding;
Reverently placing the Host on the ground,
See! the priest has his sandals unbound
To cross—no danger heeding.

'What dost thou, Father?' the count began,
As, marvelling much, he halted there,
'Sir count, I seek a dying man,
Sore hungering for the heavenly fare.

The bridge that once its safety gave
Rent by the fury of the wave,
 Drifts down the tide below ;
Yet barefoot thus, why should I fear,
The soul that seeks its God, to cheer
 Through the swollen brooks I go ?

The count sets the priest on his gallant steed,
 In his hands placing the lordly reins,
That he might serve the sick man's need
 Fulfilling a duty which heaven ordains.
Then taking the horse which his squire bestrode,
On to the chase Count Rodolph rode,
 The priest to the sick man's need ;
And when the morrow's sun was red,
The servant of the SAVIOUR led
 Back to his lord the steed !

‘ Now heaven forbid !’ Count Rodolph cried,
 ‘ That e’er to the chase, or battle more
I should this privileged charger ride
 That thus my blessed Maker bore.
If thou’lt deign, Father, to call him thy own,
Then let him remain for God’s service alone,
 Thus to our God decreeing
Due honor, from whom I hold since birth,
As fiefs, every blessing and good on earth,
 And life—and breath—and being !’

‘E’en so may the God who faileth never,
To guide the weak, and hear the lowly,
To thee give honor ever
As thou to him, in his minister holy.
Thou ownest now a count’s command
For thy knighthood famed through Switzerland,
And thy home six daughters grace ;
May they six crowned mothers prove,
Each honored by a monarch’s love
The mothers of a RACE !’ ”*

The mighty Kaiser heard amazed !
His heart was in the days of old ;
Into the minstrel’s heart he gazed,
That tale, the Kaiser’s own had told.
In the bard’s features the priest he traced,
And he raises his purple mantle in haste
To hide a gush of tears ;
A thrill through that vast audience ran,
And every heart the godlike man—
Revering God—reveres.

“ That is very beautiful ! ” said Krunfeldt, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, while his eyes twinkled with pleasure.

* The six daughters of Rodolph all married crowned heads.

“It reminds me of Germany. I could almost think myself there.”

“The swollen stream, Marie—the torrents—the broken bridge,—and my mother’s tears,” whispered Henrich, “it reminds me of all that happened that awful night—”

“Ten o’clock!” said Conrad, starting up. “We forget to-morrow, Henrich—we ought to be in bed!”

The evening hymn was soon heard in sweet and harmonious chorus from the humble dwelling, after which followed the usual prayers and litany. Their adieus were made afterwards, but more of hope than sadness mingled with their parting hour. The next morning after hearing an early mass at St. Alphonsus’, they went to the cars and ere noon were many miles on their way westward. Marie received letters from her father and Henrich, from Pittsburg, filled with expressions of

affection and sanguine hopes that ere long they would meet again in health and happiness. Then Marie became quite happy. Instructing Katrine, who was a docile, sweet child, attending to her pious duties, and assisting dame Krunfeldt, her time was happily employed. Father Holburg had at her own request placed two or three bedridden infirm people under her care, who depended entirely on alms and the benevolence of the faithful. She regarded them as objects of special care and love, as being representatives of that class which our Lord condescended himself to belong to, and which, tenderly pitying and loving, He left as a legacy to his church.

“Without the poor, my dear child,” said Father Holburg to her one day, “where would be our opportunities of doing perfect good works? How could we otherwise so faithfully show our great

love for JESUS CHRIST, had we not those in our midst whom, for his adorable sake, we give up ease, comfort, and worldly pleasures, to attend? Among the poverty-stricken and diseased poor, is concealed an inexhaustible mine of spiritual good, which can only be found by him who goeth among them, not letting his left hand know what his right doeth."

One day returning home from one of her charitable errands, she was met at the door by dame Krunfeldt, whose face beaming with joy looked like one of her own bright dahlias beneath her nicely plaited cap.

"It is blooming at last, Marie—come in, child!"

"What, good mother—the winter rose?"

"Fiddle faddle! winter roses, indeed!" she cried contemptuously; "something very superior to winter roses, I can

tell you. Come in and follow me, child!"

Marie, always amused at her odd way of saying and doing things, followed her out through the back door into a shed, which having a western and southern exposure, dame Krunfeldt had filled with plants, cuttings and roots of various kinds. Marie looked around, and seeing nothing but an unsightly array of these, felt disappointed.

"Where is your flower?" she asked.

"Here, child! look here!" she cried, removing in haste some plants which sat near a little window, "look at this night-blooming Ceres—what a magnificent bud—it will be in full bloom to-night, and you know it blooms but once in seven years—" she said triumphantly.

"Dear mother!" said Marie, shrinking back from the unsightly looking plant, "it is a green serpent."

“Thou dunce! Didst thou never see a cactus plant before?—but you are like the rest of our kind, Marie, who despise too often, people and things, because their exterior is ugly, without thinking of, or caring for the modest virtues which, like this splendid and fragrant flower, are enfolded in a rough and homely shell. Thou shalt go away and see it no more until night, then thou* wilt beg its pardon on thy knees.”

Marie ran gaily away from the uncouth looking plant, and found Katrine in their little room sewing diligently on a garment which she was teaching her to fashion and make; and drawing a chair close beside the happy child, encouraged and amused her, by telling her little pious narratives of children remarkable for the early

* The word *thou* is used by the Germans as a mark of especial affection or friendship.

development in their souls of the Christian virtues. When they went down stairs about twilight, she was surprised by a most delicious odor which pervaded the house, and it increased to such a degree as she entered the sitting-room that it almost overpowered her. Dame Krunfeldt came in soon after with a candle, and called her attention to the cactus plant which stood on a small table, underneath a bracket, on which was placed a beautiful statue of the Virgin Mother. She held the light near it, and waved her hand with a triumphant air to Marie, who approached the splendid flower, and gazing with curious eyes on its wonderful beauty, clasped her hands together, in delighted admiration.

“Ha! ha!” said the dame.

“It is like the flowers that bloom in heaven, Marie, is it not?” said Katrine.

“Ah, how beautiful! I never saw any thing half so beautiful before!” said Marie, looking within the deep chalice of the flower, whose large and delicately tinted leaves were not quite unfolded. Not until midnight would its brief life of glory and bloom reach its zenith, then its mysterious existence, like a human dream of joy, near its death when brightest, would fade—wither and die.

A number of dame Krunfeldt's friends came in to look at the wonderful flower, for the night-blooming Ceres in bloom is quite a phœnix among flowers, and a source of exquisite pleasure to their admirers. Hour after hour they sat watching it, until nearly midnight. Their visitors had all departed well pleased with the spectacle, and at last Marie, reluctantly left it, and dame Krunfeldt bade it adieu, as if it had been some dear and valued friend, whose face she would ne-

ver behold again on earth. Marie could not believe its existence so brief as they told, and the next morning, as she came down very early, to go to mass, she ran in to steal a look at the flower, but alas! its smooth glossy leaves had become yellow and wrinkled, and were closed together like the eyes of the dead, while its rough outer leaves were folded about it like a shroud, and it hung its head, lately so glorious and beautiful, a blighted and withered thing, earthward.

“How human! how human!” said Marie, gazing mournfully on it. A tear glistened in her eyes as she turned away from it. She felt that she ought to learn a lesson from the cactus flower, and all day a sad and unaccountable feeling pervaded her mind, she could neither define exactly the cause, nor comprehend the effect. May not our souls, which are spiritual in their perceptions see and feel,

as through a misty veil, the influence and shadow of coming events. As the body feels intensely in every nerve, either the shock of pain or pleasure, the depression of illness coming over its faculties, or the sensation of health bounding through its veins, why may not our spirits also flag or rejoice under the approaching influences of unseen events?

That evening Krunfeldt, who was a paper hanger, and had been papering the walls of a new house for a day or two, returned home later than usual, and complaining of chilliness, took a bowl of hot tea, and retired early to rest. Having been a healthy man all his life, he was violently opposed to medicine and would not consent that a physician should be sent for, until his symptoms became so inflammatory and alarming, that his wife begged Marie to go first for Father Holburg, then call at the house of a physician

in the neighborhood and request his immediate attendance. Marie went with all speed, but when Father Holburg arrived, his experienced eye soon detected the perilous situation he was in, and that it would be essentially necessary to administer to him at once the last rites of the church. The physician came in soon after, and pronounced his disease to be a violent bilious pleurisy, which neglected too long, had now got beyond the reach of curative remedies. He bled him, and applied the usual local remedies, and administered the prescribed medicines, but without the slightest effect. The case was hopeless. A few hours would terminate the good man's life, and Father Holburg, tenderly and cautiously, told him his extreme danger, and bade him prepare to receive the holy viaticum. There was mourning and sorrow around him, but his long life had been one con-

tinuous preparation for death—and he was calm—resigned, and waiting in much peace for the moment which would release his spirit from the pangs of its prison house. He requested that his last moments might not be disturbed by the sound of lamentations and sighs, and his faithful companion, half stupified by the sudden blow, knelt by his side without uttering a word. Marie wept in silence, and assisted with great faith and humility in the last rites and prayers for the dying. It was a sublime sight! To see a man whose head was white with the frosts of time, like a weary pilgrim, laying down his staff at the goal which he had long toiled to reach, and in calm, holy expectation of the victor's reward when it was past. Filled with solemn awe and trusting faith, death alarmed him not with its physical and grisly terrors, and through the infinite merits of Christ, and the pro-

tection of holy Mary, his soul slowly unfurled its wings, to go forth to the presence of his Judge. He bore his agonies with extreme patience, and in the intervals between the paroxysms spoke words of consolation to his afflicted wife. Towards midnight, while Marie was reading aloud at his request the Litany of the Life and Passion of Christ, he breathed his last, so calmly and sweet, that none knew when life's turbulent stream heaved its last billow on the shore of death.

“Oh my God,” cried his bereaved widow, “thou hast taken from my bosom my little children, and now thou has called away my dear companion, and I am left alone and desolate on earth! My way is full of sorrows, oh my dear Redeemer, give me grace to bear my sorrows, or else call me also away, that I may not offend thee by my repinings!”

It was a sudden and a bitter trial ; and while a just man was called home to meet the reward of his fidelity to God, the righteous ones whom he had left to struggle along through life's dim and change-ful valley, were to be tried by bitterer, and more heart-rending sorrows than these. Krunfeldt had left nothing but his good name and the memory of his pious acts. The profits of his trade had afforded him merely a comfortable livelihood, and the few surplus dollars which were left after his necessary expenditures, were given ungrudgingly to the poor and in judicious charities. His illness so unexpected, and his death so unlooked for by himself as well as others, left him no thought, or time, to attend to Marie's affairs, and she was left in perfect ignorance of the name of the merchant into whose hands her father had deposited the money for her use. She had understood that her uncle

Krunfeldt was to attend to all her affairs for her, consequently she gave herself no concern about them—and now she was left—in a strange city without a friend on whom she could depend, without a dollar to supply her coming wants, with Katrine to support, and perhaps dame Krunfeldt, who felt as keenly the pang of parting from all her dearly loved comforts, which she had been gathering one by one for years together, in her pleasant home, as she did the separation from her husband, and who was so completely overpowered by her loss—approaching poverty, and all its deplorable adjuncts, that neither religion or necessity could rouse her. But Marie had a brave heart; a heart strong in its faith in God, which instead of bewailing senselessly her misfortunes, and indulging in the luxurious sentimentality of grief in supine idleness, shook off the great sadness which had oppressed her,

and proceeded to get, a little at a time, the necessary instructions from dame Krunfeldt, as to what course was to be pursued. There was but one. It was painful, but it must be done. They had been in the habit of paying their rent yearly. It was now approaching Christmas, and it was due. There was nothing left for them to do, but dispose of their plain and neatly kept furniture, and remove to a more humble and retired part of the city, where they might subsist on the funds which were left after the rent was settled, until they could obtain work of some description, by which they might earn their daily bread. Father Holburg inquired in vain among the German merchants in the city for the person with whom Conradt had left his goods and money ; none of them had ever heard of Conradt, and he was compelled to give up the search as fruitless. Marie had intended if she

could have procured it, to pay the rent herself, and make the poor widow happy by securing her dearly beloved home to her at least another year. She wept incessantly. There had her children been born—there had they died, and there had she lived with her husband who also died beneath its roof many long and happy years, and how—how could she bear to leave it? she asked Marie.

“Dear mother!” she replied, “do not grieve so despairingly. Thou dost know that all places are alike to our Lord God when the heart is humble and resigned to his holy will. We will seek a nice little home, which I will with my own hands make tidy and comfortable for you, and until my father comes, I will toil for you, and Katrine shall wait on you as if she was your own child, then let us trust in God, good mother Krunfeldt! His promises are

always sure, and on his word we can safely rely."

"Good child! thou dost forget thy own trials in mine! I *will* by the grace of God imitate the patient example of our Lord; but oh, child! child! such misfortunes as mine, are hard to bear."





TRIALS. THE CROWN OF THORNS. THE
PEARL.



ONE of Krunfeldt's old friends superintended the widow's affairs, and managed every thing to the best advantage. He secured two small though pleasant rooms for her, in a house situated some distance farther up in the western part of the city, where, through his exertions and Marie's active industry, she was comfortably settled before the sale took place. She was thus spared the pain of witnessing a scene which would have har-

rowed her feelings to the last degree of suffering. When, accompanied by Marie and Katrine, she arrived at her new place of residence, feeling sadly enough at this separation from the place she loved so well, and the breaking up of ties to which from long remembered associations her heart clung affectionately, she was agreeably surprised at the comfortable and neat appearance of every thing around her. Some few of her favorite plants were blooming sweetly and brightly in the window, and the winter sunshine, clear and warm, fell streaming through them, in chequered beauty on the floor. A brisk fire blazed on the shining red hearth, over which the tea kettle sang its own merry song; and her pet cat lay dozing in the corner, as peaceably as she had been wont at home. The tea table was set out, with its fine white cover and neat service, and added so much to the

home look of every thing, that the murmurs and complaints which naturally arose in the unsubdued heart of dame Krunfeldt, died away on her lips, and embracing Marie in silence, for she felt too much emotion to speak, sat down in her own arm-chair, with a sensation of satisfaction which she had little expected to feel in her strange home. After the funeral expenses and rent had been paid, there was only a little left, but that little enabled them, added to the small sums which they earned time after time by sewing and netting, to live for some weeks in frugal comfort. They met with much kind sympathy from their former friends, but from them they could expect no assistance whatever, as they generally belonged to a class like themselves, solely dependent on their own exertions for a support. Father Holburg, loving the poor, through the Holy Redeemer under whose divine auspices his

order had been instituted, and whose name it bears, was a true and faithful minister of God. His life was a close imitation of the example of Christ; he was in the world, but not of it, and if the rich heard of his sanctity, the poor—the needy—the prisoner—the hungry, and naked—were those who experienced and acknowledged gratefully, the great benefits which they derived spiritually and temporally from it. The world, that keen observer and judge, which from its throne of folly watches with penetrating eyes, for purposes of scandal and ridicule, the slightest causes for either, in the conduct and characters particularly of those who as legates of God stand between them and mankind, paid its willing tribute to those virtues which demanded its respect, nor could the greatest enemies of religion detect the least shadow of that worldliness of spirit which would so scandalously have dim-

med the lustre of his sacerdotal character. Knowing their need, and Marie's anxiety of mind concerning her father and Henrich, he visited them frequently. They needed his consolations, and Marie always felt more tranquil and inspired with greater mental courage, after hearing him talk in familiar and cheerful tones of the way by which afflictions and tribulations might be offered as a precious and available sacrifice to God. But dame Krunfeldt had been a summer Christian! While the tide of prosperity flowed brightly and uninterruptedly on, and nothing occurred to disturb her tranquillity or try her faith, she loved and adored God through his blessings and good providences; it was no trouble to her to worship and serve Him who had made her ways in life so easy, and having abundance of the good things of life it was without an effort that she had sometimes fed the hungry and

clothed the orphan ; therefore when the sudden blow fell on her which deprived her of all that had made her existence calm and pleasant, she could not recognise with humble and trusting love the hand which dealt it. It was the same which had poured out years of blessings around her, until, in the pride of her heart she had begun to think they must last for ever ; but she shrank away from it with repining and sullen dread—she would have thrown the cross far from her, and rejoiced only in the glory of Christ, while she was unwilling to share his sufferings. Her spirit's warfare was only just begun ; her position and trials were new, and though she struggled against all sinful regrets, her efforts were feeble, and at first unavailing. She became peevish and fretful with all around her, notwithstanding which, her soul's eye was looking through the misty shadows of earth's storm, to-

wards God, whose mercy would at last reward its perseverance by dispersing them and revealing himself in all his clement majesty to her. Marie pitied and bore with her, and served her with all the filial piety of a child, teaching Katrine who had become useful and industrious, to do the same. Hoping and fearing, she daily wended her way to the post office to inquire in her sweet broken way for a letter. But the constant reply to her plaintive inquiry, was, "*None*," and her heart, sick and almost fainting within her from continual disappointment, sought refuge, as she returned slowly homeward, in the church, where bowing her weary head to the marble floor, she poured out her tears and sorrows at the feet of Jesus and Mary. The winter had set in severely, with every prospect of its being a long one, and their means were daily decreasing. The streets were almost impassable

from continued snow storms, and the wood-boats being kept out of the harbor by the violent winds and tempests which prevailed, made fuel so scarce and high that many a poor family suffered extremely from the rigors of the season, and more than one instance occurred in a populous and Christian city, of individuals being frozen to death. Added to these evils, provisions increased in price, and every thing seemed to be adding additional gloom to the clouds which were gathering around the head of Marie, whose way was hemmed in by trials of every kind, as want approached and brought with it its own peculiar crosses. Dame Krunfeldt, so long accustomed to comforts and delicacies, grew sick, and feeling for the first time chills through her frame, which there was but a handful of fire to warm, and hunger which a crust of bread was insufficient to appease, became loud

and wearisome in her repinings. Still Marie's patience was enduring and sweet, but when she saw Katrine's cheek growing pale and wan, and the child suffering the pangs of cold and hunger without a murmur, an emotion, like the failing of a long cherished and last hope, wrung her soul—but it fainted not—her young heart trusting in Almighty promises, bravely weathered the storm—there was one comfort—one friend—one joy to which it clung with trusting faith! God was the beginning and end of her hopes. Recollected in him—meditating on his sure and steadfast promises, and hanging with all the love of a child for its tender mother, on the protection of Mary, she found serenity for her spirit amidst the storm. At night her dreams were filled with bright visions of the past; and on her sleeping fancies was painted in beauteous colors their cottage home in Faderland, under whose

peaceful shelter were gathered those she loved. Her father and Henrich smiling and healthy were ever by her side in those happy dreams—sometimes her mother's face, sad though calm, smiled on her—once again it came—and filled with joy Marie sprang forward to kneel at her feet, but the beloved shade, placing a garland on her brow, glided from her wondering eyes. Sharp pains pierced her head, and she lifted her hand to remove it—it WAS A CROWN OF THORNS—and with a low, troubled cry she awoke. The watchman was crying the hour of “two,” and she heard the sleet dashing furiously against the rattling windows, so, commending herself to the care of her Heavenly Father and the Blessed Virgin, she crossed herself devoutly, and soon fell asleep again. She still dreamed on. The thorns of her crown began to blossom, and the tears which she had wept while wearing it, had become

splendid jewels which glittered like stars among the mystic blossoms, and amidst all she saw Henrich's pearl, fairer and more beautiful than ever, in a splendid setting of gems. Then her fancy became disturbed—and her dreams confused—her guardian angel had whispered to her spirit all that it was permitted him of the future, and folding his pure wings around while she slept continued his holy vigil. Sunshine and plenty filled Marie's dreams—perplexity and want were her waking realities—but like the hunted deer, seeking the cool covert's shade and the refreshing stream, she sped frequently to the sacred rites of religion, and found that through its holy sacraments, sweet drops distilled from the cross, to soothe and replenish with new grace her faithful soul, amidst its tribulations. There was much of anxiety and sorrow to make nature war against her trust in God—but there

was more of peace, and amidst her sufferings, her mind calmly stayed on Him rejoiced.

“Marie,” said dame Krunfeldt, a few days after her singular dream, “I feel so feeble and sick. Make me some hot broth with spice and wine in it.”

“Alas! good mother, our last loaf is gone, and there just remain a few pennies of our little store, to buy one to-morrow. How then can I make a spiced broth?” asked Marie.

“Ah Lord! what trouble! you should have gone out to be lady’s maid or nurse long ago, Marie, and got a place for Katrine, instead of which you have both hung like a dead weight on me all the winter. I, a lone woman, could have lived comfortably until spring on my little means—but now—the Lord help us—I don’t know what to do!” she said sharply.

“It would have been better, mother

Krunfeldt," said Marie patiently—"but I was a stranger in a strange land, and thought I would try and be a comfort to you, while I maintained myself by sewing, and whatever work I could get, until my father comes home. When he comes, we shall all be very happy and comfortable again!"

"Come indeed! you forget he has never taken the trouble to write but once to you. No, he's glad to get rid of an encumbrance, and he'll settle out there with that wild fellow, Henrich, and marry again, and forget you are in the world!" replied dame Krunfeldt, angrily.

"Oh no! no!" cried Marie, who felt her heart swelling with indignation at this unjust construction of her father's conduct; but making a single pious aspiration to the holy name of Jesus, she quelled her rising anger and said gently, while tears slowly trickled over her pale

cheeks, “he will come very soon now, I am sure. He never intended we should be a burthen on any one, but God has willed it so. He left means for us, and oh, mother Krunfeldt, if I only knew where to find the good gentleman in whose hands he placed them, how soon should you have every comfort your heart might desire.”

“Now thou ungrateful one—dont—dont reproach the dead in their graves. You dont show the patience of a Christian, Marie! My poor man was called off so suddenly, God help his soul, that he did not even remember me, how then could you expect him to attend to a stranger’s affairs? But I am fainting with hunger—go out and buy bread, and a gill of wine, and a few grains of spice, to make me a hot broth.”

“I will, mother,” said Marie, putting her cloak and bonnet on. “Thou art old

and sick, and shouldst have it. God help thee in these great sorrows which have fallen on thee in thy age!”

“Thou art a good child, Marie, to bear with my ill tempers so well. O Lord! help us all,” said the old woman, covering her face with her shrivelled hands, “but go on—I shall faint with hunger and cold!”

Marie went with a sinking heart to the nearest shop for the articles she needed. It was kept by a bluff, good hearted German, named Schaff, who, besides accumulating cents and dollars, had scarcely an idea beyond his sauerkraut and pipe. His wife was remarkable in the neighborhood for her regular piety and charitable acts, and he was wont to say, laughingly, that “his vrow had religion enough for both of them!” When Marie entered he was reading aloud, from a German newspaper, the report of a terrible steam-

boat explosion on the Ohio river, and did not perceive her. She caught a few words as she went in which arrested her attention in a painful degree, and leaning on the counter, her face as white as a flake of new snow, she listened to the horrible details of wreck and death. He paused, and was about folding up the paper, when another paragraph caught his eye. "Ho! ho!" he cried, "here is more of it. 'In addition to the names we have already furnished of those who perished in the wreck, we have ascertained those of two respectable Germans, who were going westward with several hundred dollars to purchase lands. Their names were — Conradt and Henrich Stiener.' "

Marie heard no more. Uttering a heart-rending cry, she fell fainting to the floor. Poor Schaff was stupified with fright and horror. He had not seen her

when she came in, and did not know that any one was in the shop until he heard her shriek ; but his wife, raising her in her arms, rubbed her with stimulants until she recovered, and then they discovered, from her agonized and incoherent ravings, that her father, and almost brother, were lost, far away in that awful wreck on the western waters. Her grief was inexpressible, and her pangs more readily imagined than described. It was a pitiable and heart-rending sight to see the young stricken girl, bowed like a blighted blossom to the earth, while with sublime courage she tried to yield her nature, its agonies and her soul, altogether, as a holocaust to God. She now indeed wore the crown of thorns. Her cup was full, and from her soul she prayed, that if it might not pass away from her, the will of God, not hers, might be done. After she had recovered a little composure,

Schaff and his good wife, knowing where she lived, calling in one of their boys to attend to the shop, assisted her home. Dame Krunfeldt, provoked at her delay, was ready to assail her with harsh reproaches when she came in, but when she saw her led in by two strangers, looking so pale and woe-begone, she raised up her hands with affright and knew not what to think, but when she heard from Mrs. Schaff the shocking events which had occurred, all her feelings of human kindness asserted their sway in her bosom, and leaving her bed she feebly approached Marie and fell weeping on her neck ;

“ Pardon me, child, for all the trials I have given you ! I little knew the good Lord was about sending thee such a cross for thy weak shoulders ! ”

She sobbed “ Oh suffering Redeemer, pity—pity me—let my wounded soul re-

pose on thee—withdraw not thy arm when all else like broken reeds have failed—oh dear Redeemer, pity me!” was all she could utter. Her cheeks were as white as the blanched leaves of a lily, and her eyes, burning in their sockets, refused the relief of a single tear.

“Ah! my child,” said the shop keeper’s good wife, “when all fails on earth, the dear Redeemer embalms with his own tender love and consolation the aching hearts of those who trust in him. And what, after all, is life? We struggle—we toil—we weep and brood over our pangs as if there was no end to it all—no rest in the grave—no peace at last in heaven! Thou art right, poor child, to lay thy cares where they will be the soonest healed!”

“Pity me, oh dear Redeemer,” she still gasped out, and it seemed as if life itself was fleeting with every word.

“Go home, Schaff,” whispered the excellent woman to her husband, “and send Christian hither with bread, wine, and tea, and if there’s a fresh chop left, put it in with the rest. These people, who were once better off than ourselves, I do believe are starving.”

“Ah Marie—good Marie—my dear sister!” cried Katrine, throwing her arms around her, “thou art now left as I was once; my heart was breaking, and I expected to die in this strange country with hunger and cold, when I found that no one noticed me, and every one was leaving me alone. I am a simple, foolish child, but, Marie, I trusted in God, as my mother taught me—and thou—thou, my dear Marie, didst come—like one of the angels of God, to comfort and protect me. Thy father—the good Conradt——”

A flood of tears gushed at last from Marie’s eyes; her father’s name and the

simple words of the child had unsealed the fountain, and her heart relieved of its iron bound pressure, yielded to more natural and gentle grief.

“Oh my father! my kind father! my poor Henrich, shall I never see you again? Did we leave our dear home in Germany—the grave of my mother—and all our friends, for this? Thy ways are mysterious, oh God, but full of wisdom and love, teach me then to resign my will entirely to thine in this tremendous trial!”

“What *will* become of us all now?” thought dame Krunfeldt. “I am afraid I am getting very wicked—it is not right for me to struggle so proudly against Providence, and I will no longer do it. I will be like Marie with the help of heaven! If we cant get work, and if we starve, there’ll be an end of the matter, and we shall get on our way to heaven so much the sooner.”

Marie, with her head on Katrine's shoulder was weeping—not bitterly—for religion sweetened the bitter waters of grief; and Mrs. Schaff, sitting on the bed beside dame Krunfeldt, was telling her the circumstances as they occurred, and how much they had pitied Marie, when they discovered that her father had perished in the wreck. It was an old paper that Schaff had got round a bundle which came to the shop, and she was quite astonished when she heard him reading, for he seldom read any thing more than his prayers at church. In return, the dame related her history and bewailed her fallen fortunes, and told how she had sent Marie out with their last penny to buy ingredients to make a spiced broth.

“And now I cannot tell,” she continued, in a low voice, “how we are to live, we have tasted nothing but bread and water for two days. I try and say,

God's will be done—I wish from my soul I could say so—but, neighbor, it is a hard thing to say thank'ee for hard blows, and sometimes when I lie down at night, I feel afraid because I think God has forsaken us."

"But how wrong," said Mrs. Schaff, "I once heard a Gospel read in church when I was in great trouble myself, which made a wonderful impression on me. Our dear Redeemer was telling his disciples how foolish it was to be solicitous about what they should eat, and drink, and wear, fearing that if they bestowed too much of their time on such matters, they would forget in a measure their own souls; for you know, neighbor, it is like having two masters, to be too anxious about the things of this world, and trying to serve God at the same time—and he told them they could not do it, for if they tried it, they would sustain the one and

hate the other, and you know, the world is very apt to be the one that is sustained and loved. Then he says, ‘Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap or gather into barns, and your Heavenly Father feedeth them!—And for raiment, why are ye solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; But I say to you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.’ I tell you, neighbor, we must become like little children, who, without a thought or care for their raiment or food, depend with trusting love on their parents for them; so must we do, and the good Lord will provide for us in his own good way.”

“Thou art right, neighbor! thou art a most excellent person to give us such good advice, but it is easy for people who have never had misfortunes of their

own to talk pleasantly about the will of God. I would care but little though for any thing now, if I only had a bowl of nice spiced broth!" said dame Krunfeldt, sighing.

"Well," said Mrs. Schaff, smiling pleasantly, "thou wilt get thy spiced broth, never doubt it. Thou dost need it, I see. But what a mistake thou hast made. Trouble! I have had it of every kind; cold, hunger, sickness and death, have all in their turns distressed me, but I clung fast to the promises of God, neighbor, and as he lives, he never has forsaken and never will forsake those who trust themselves and their affairs with simplicity of heart and fervent faith to his keeping!"

Just then a sturdy boy entered the room with a basket load of provisions on his arm. It was Christian Schaff, and his mother, as soon as he had set

the basket on the floor, despatched him back for an armful of wood, which he speedily returned with. Very soon the active and benevolent Mrs. Schaff had a cheerful fire kindled on the hearth, and every thing sounded the note of preparation for a plain, but plentiful repast. Dame Krunfeldt's broth was first attended to, and it warmed and strengthened her so much, that she was in a short time quite busy. Tears still rolled over the pale cheeks of Marie, who sat quite still with her hands folded together, apparently forgetful of every thing except the fiery trial which was wringing her heart.

“Nay, now, child, take it,” said Mrs. Schaff, offering her a bowl full of the broth, “do not refuse this. Thy poor stomach needs something warm and comforting, take it, child, thou mayest fall into a long and dangerous spell of illness from neglect, and thou knowest right

well, that it is wrong for us to do any thing which might be an injury to ourselves.”

“Thank you, you are very kind!” said Marie, drinking the broth, while more than one scalding tear mingled with it.

This good Samaritan remained with them throughout the day, comforting and consoling Marie in her pious and sensible way, and listening patiently to dame Krunfeldt's lamentations, proffering every now and then, when an opportunity occurred, a word of good counsel. Katrine's face reflected every shade of expression which flitted over Marie's countenance. If she ceased weeping a moment, the child smiled, but when her tears again flowed, her cheeks also became wet, and her eyes drooping and sad.

When the excellent Mrs. Schaff left them late in the evening, she promised

to interest herself busily the next day to procure them sewing, or netting, which had become quite fashionable, for certain ornamental articles of dress for ladies and children, and in which dame Krunfeldt excelled, the prospect of which quite cheered her desponding spirits, and she slept that night in more comfort than she had done for weeks.

After a sleepless night, Marie arose before dawn to prepare herself, by meditation and recollection, for confession and holy communion, that she might, in her Father's house, unbosom her anguish and sorrows to her pious director, and receive as from heaven that counsel, comfort and advice, which she so much needed, and feast on that immortal food which would strengthen her soul with more abundant graces and fortitude for life's conflicts. But when she got to church, and was kneeling in her usual

place near the confessional, some one whispered and informed her that Father Holburg had been sent away unexpectedly by his superiors to a distant mission. She felt this to be an additional trial under existing circumstances, but she did not allow her disappointment to interfere with the pious object which had brought her hither. She knew full well that every priest, duly commissioned, could exercise the same divine functions, and that the same sacramental graces flowed alike through all, and she was too well instructed in religion not to feel conscious, that it would be wrong in her to delay confession and holy communion, because the clergyman to whom she had been in the habit of confessing was absent. It was repugnant to human nature to carry its humiliation to a stranger's ear, and Marie, like many others, shrunk from it, but faith and the demands of her soul

but

but ing
but ing

triumphed over these suggestions, and with a contrite heart she approached the sacrament of penance. And well was her pious soul rewarded. After receiving the holy communion, a sweet calm diffused itself through her mind, she felt, that now, left alone on earth, she belonged more entirely to God, and determined to devote herself more perfectly to him through life. Her sorrows were sweetened by those hopes which religion alone can give; she knew that her father's life had been blameless and almost perfect, and Henrich, as long as she had known him, remarkable for his cheerful trust in God and love of religion, and the consoling idea began to pervade her soul of their being in the enjoyment of eternal rest beyond sorrow, disappointment and suffering, for ever. Thus were her bitterest tears wiped away by the hand of Him in whom she confided. Long did she kneel

before the altar in calm and profound meditation, and unconscious of the lapse of time would have remained there much longer, although the morning sunbeams streamed brightly in through the rich windows and filled every object with beauty ; but a lady, who had been observing her for some time, approached her and touching her on the shoulder, told her that the church doors were about being closed, and if she would oblige her by following her out, she had something of importance to say to her. Marie's face became suffused with a modest blush at the idea of being noticed by a lady of her appearance, and after making her act of adoration to the blessed sacrament, she left the church and found the lady waiting for her on the steps.

“Thank you,” said the lady, who had a fine benevolent countenance, “for coming. But I wanted to know if you could

all me of any honest, particular person, whom I could employ to do fine washing and clear-starching. My woman got married last week and has gone to New York with her husband, and my sister and myself are so very particular about our collars, caps, and handkerchiefs, that we do not like to trust them with an inexperienced hand."

"I am a stranger, lady," said Marie, casting down her eyes, "and know but very few people in this country—I do not know any one who understands the business you have—unless—I—do not know any one, lady!"

Marie was a neat hand at such work herself, and was about telling the lady so, but confused at her own boldness, and fearing it would appear too forward, she checked herself.

"Unless what, child?" asked the lady, who began to feel an unaccountable in-

terest for the young foreigner. "Perhaps you understand clear-starching yourself?"

"Oh yes, lady! my mother taught me. She used to do up fine laces and muslins for the duke's sister when they were at their castle, near our forest in Germany, and I always assisted her!"

"I like your face, child!" replied the lady, putting on a pair of fine gold spectacles, and surveying Marie more closely. "But tell me one thing—are your circumstances easy?"

"Very poor!" she replied in so low a tone as scarcely to be heard.

"Humph! if I thought you could do them to please me—for we are very particular—we pay one dollar per dozen, and between us, we generally have three dozen pieces of various kinds to be done up a week; if I thought you could do them nicely, I would engage you at once to

come to my house, where I could instruct you in whatever you are deficient."

"Oh lady, it would be a great charity and blessing"—said Marie, clasping her hands together; but again confused, she hesitated a moment, and looking down, said more quietly—"I could try, lady!"

"Well! come and see now where I live, and to-morrow morning, you may come before breakfast, if you choose!" said the lady, "I do not live very far from the church, so you will not have far to walk after mass."

Marie looked at the house. She had observed its elegant and spacious exterior frequently before, on her way to and from the post office, and wondered, simple child, if grief or anxiety had ever entered so luxurious an abode. Promising the lady to come early on the following morning, she respectfully bade her adieu, and hastened home.

Dame Krunfeldt was quite elated and rejoiced at the prospect Marie had of earning from two to three dollars a week, while she, grateful and humble, regarded it only as an instance of the kind care of God over his children. Her heart was lightened of a heavy load, and though the thought of her father and Henrich frequently dimmed her eyes with tears, her heart was tranquil, and she performed her usual daily task with cheerful industry. Her heart was chastened sorely, but she knew that such wounds brought with them, to a resigned soul, their own healing balms; therefore, when a sigh stole from her lips, or tears from her eyes, there came with them neither murmurs nor repinings. Dame Krunfeldt regarded her with wonder and admiration, and began to think, while she put on a clean cap and a more tidy dress, that Marie was the most holy young person she had ever seen.

Late the next evening, after Marie returned home from her day's work, as she was going down stairs, to run over to Mrs. Schaff's for a loaf of bread, she encountered a rough, rude looking man at the door. He told her in an abrupt manner that if their rent, which was two months in arrears, was not paid on the morrow by twelve o'clock, he had a warrant from their landlord to seize all their effects, and turn them out to seek lodgings elsewhere. He then turned away with a sullen and dogged air and walked off, leaving Marie overwhelmed and almost stunned at this new misfortune.

“Oh my God!” she cried, clasping her hands together, “thou dost see fit to try thy servant's faith by many strange and mysterious events—all is dark and uncertain around me, I am encompassed around, like a bird in the fowler's net, wherever I turn I meet with sorrows—yet oh adora-

ble Redeemer, I complain not—it is all right—all just, only do thou, my heavenly Father, guide and direct me, and I shall fear no evil!”

She put her hand into her pocket to draw out her rosary, that she might contemplate for a moment the image of her crucified Lord, which was appended to it, and the benign countenance of the holy and suffering mother, whose medal also belonged to her beads, and by comparing her sorrows with theirs, see how little, after all, she had to bear, and with an humble heart offer up her afflictions in union with theirs. As she drew her rosary from her pocket, something fell on the floor, and as the last sunbeams of the closing day streamed in through the open door, her attention was for a moment attracted by a star-like object glimmering in the red light. She stooped to examine so strange an appearance, and, lo! it was

Henrich's *Pearl*, large and beautiful, amidst the evening sun rays, at her feet. The little case tangled in her rosary, had fallen to the floor, and becoming unfastened by the shock, the pearl had rolled out.

“Ah, Henrich,” she said, gazing at it through her tears, as it lay in her hand, never shall I behold thee again on earth. Peace to thy soul. This is all now left to remind me of thee, and—and—.” Marie paused in deep thought. “How strangely is it brought to my notice,” she at last said, “it is a splendid jewel, and I might obtain a sum for it, quite sufficient to preserve us from this threatened calamity. Oh yes! Providence is the high power which directed this apparent chance. Henrich would forgive me, I know—I will go at once and carry it to some honest jeweller, who will purchase it from me, then all our difficulties will be at an end, for I have work, and dame Krunfeldt will

even have some! Oh how many blessings has God sent us through this Oriental Pearl." She thought of the story of Henrich's life, which he had told her before he left the city. She had observed on the principal business street in the city, a small and elegantly fitted up jeweller's store, in the windows of which she had observed in passing, among the splendid show articles placed therein, handsome ivory crucifixes and rosaries, also a few small exquisite paintings on sacred subjects. Thither she determined to go, for Marie felt, that wherever she saw these holy signs, she should meet with Christian courtesy and kindness.





CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.



WITHOUT mentioning any of her plans to dame Krunfeldt for fear of disturbing her mind, she gave the bread to Katrine, and directing her how to arrange every thing comfortably for her, put on her cloak and bonnet, and as it was growing late she called at Schaff's to get one of the boys to accompany her. Her request was readily granted, although the worthy couple wondered where on earth Marie was going to at that hour; however they made no re-

marks or enquiries on the subject, and called Christian to go with her, who, quite delighted at the idea of walking with Marie, who was a great favorite with the whole family, was soon ready, and trudged along manfully by her side. The street lamps were lit, and the sky had become quite clouded and dark by the time she reached the jeweller's store. The fanciful gas lights burned like stars in the broad windows, which looked splendid as the richly carved articles of silver and jewelry reflected back the glittering rays. Within, the atmosphere was genial and warm, and a delicious odor pervaded it. There stood Marie's friends, the ivory crucifixes, there hung the gemmed rosaries, and from one of the magnificent picture frames smiled the lovely face of the child Jesus and the Virgin mother. Within the cases were things of such rare beauty—jewels which

gleamed out brilliantly, and gold and silver ornaments, of such perfect workmanship, that her eyes were dazzled, and by comparison her pearl seemed worthless, and her heart was failing her, when the proprietor of so much splendor came forward, and asked her in a loud tone "what she would have?"

She took the pearl from its little red case, and handing it to him, told him she would like to dispose of it for whatever it might be worth. This gentleman, who was a skilful lapidary, was astonished at its size and beauty. He examined it in silence; indeed he was so delighted at beholding so perfect and beautiful a gem, that in contemplating it he quite forgot Marie. As his countenance did not betray what was passing in his mind, she was sure that he did not intend taking it, or that it was of little value, and her heart sank within her as she thought of

the morrow and the scene of distress and anguish which she expected to witness and share in.

“Well,” said the jeweller at last, “this is a splendid pearl. Did you find it?”

“No sir—it was a legacy!” answered Marie, whose heart was throbbing violently.

“So; a legacy—it is a fine pearl—I never saw so handsome a one! I will purchase it of you, but cannot afford to give you as much as a king would for it,” he said, smiling.

“Oh sir, you are very kind!” said Marie, “how much is it worth?”

He named the sum which astonished her, it was so far beyond her most sanguine hopes.

“I will give you ten dollars to night—come early to morrow and I will pay you the rest, if you can trust me with it to night!” said the gentleman.

A man had entered during this conversation, and stood near the door, behind Marie, watching every movement made by the jeweller or herself. His coat collar was pulled up, and his fur cap down over his eyes, and Christian could not help laughing to himself, at the droll figure he cut, particularly whenever he caught a glimpse of the stranger's eyes, which were very bright and merry. Marie received the money with an overjoyed feeling of gratitude and relief, and was turning to leave the store when he placed his back against the door, and effectually prevented it.

“Stand back, sir,” said the jeweller, “I allow no rude stragglers to insult a woman where I am—stand back.”

“The thousand, sir jeweller! who would insult a gentle and modest woman like this?” said the stranger, pushing back his cap.

“Henrich!” shrieked Marie; “Henrich.”

“Marie!” he said tenderly, embracing her, “found at last.”

“My father! where is my father? dead, Henrich! thou—alive—my father—oh do not tell me now that he is dead?” she cried, completely overpowered by this unexpected meeting.

“He is in the city, Marie. Thou shalt see him to night. Oh joy! One thousand—ten thousand of thanks to our Lord, Marie, for this!” said Henrich, whose eyes twinkled more merrily than ever.

“Good people,” said the jeweller, “I see that in some way Almighty God has wrought a wonderful favor in your behalf—I dont understand it exactly—but sit down, and compose yourselves, and let me share your joy, for that fellow’s happy face has made me almost envious!”

“It was the pearl, Marie! I came in to buy a little medallion to put your hair in, for I never expected to find you again, and lo! the first thing I saw was my pearl! I thought, well! Marie cannot be a thousand miles off, so I will wait and see the end of the play; and when you turned round—how should I know it was thou, muffled up like a *beguin*—and I saw it *was* Marie—ten thousand! but my heart gave a leap like a salmon, and like to have choked me!”

“God bless the pearl!” said Marie, smiling through her tears. “Oh, sir,” she continued, “will it be wrong for me to ask you to take back your money and give me the pearl again. Now that my father and Henrich have come, I shall not want for any thing.”

“I am sorry to lose so valuable a gem, but certainly I will return it to you!” he

replied, "no doubt you have good reasons for valuing it."

"Oh yes, sir—but Henrich—can it be possible it is thou?" said Marie, between her smiles and tears. "I am so happy, oh Henrich, Heavenly Father is our best friend—he directs all things right at last. How did my father and yourself escape from that dreadful wreck?"

"We were not in it at all!" said Henrich, laughing. "Our names were booked, and Father Conradt's valise, with nearly all his money, was safely locked up in the clerk's office, we returned to the hotel to settle our bill, not expecting the boat to go for a half hour, and when we finished our business with the landlord, and were walking down quietly and in no haste at all to get on board—the thousand! there was the boat paddling and steaming off like mad, two miles down the river!"

“And the money?” asked the jeweller.

“Steaming off with her. There was another steamboat lying at the wharf, which was to start in an hour for the same place to which the other was bound; we lost no time in getting on board, and expected to get to our journey’s end as quick as the other—but the money made us a little uneasy—and Marie—had we not reason to thank the good God for ever, that only our money was on board—for towards sunset—the attention of all in the steamer was attracted painfully by floating pieces of wreck; trunks, dead bodies, and bales, barrels, and I can’t remember what beside. We guessed the truth!”

“I heard it all read!” said Marie, shuddering.

“You had a narrow and fortunate escape,” said the jeweller, “which some would call a lucky chance, but adore the

mercy of God, young man, who thus preserved your life!”

“I do—I do,” said Henrich, fervently. “Twice, Marie, has my life been preserved in a most remarkable manner, and with my latest breath I will adore above all, with every power of my soul, His infinite love!”

“Let us go now to my father,” said Marie. “Thank you for your kindness, sir,” she said to the excellent jeweller, “I wish you good evening, and the blessing of God!”

“And Marie,” continued Henrich, as they walked along, “we determined to return. Our money was gone—we could not buy lands without it, and father Conradt thought we’d better come back, and try and get employment in this city. He wrote to you immediately, fearing you would see an account of the explosion

and be uneasy—but of course you did not receive the letter.”

“No!”

“Then when we came and found that father Krunfeldt was dead, and his family scattered, none could tell us whither, the thousand! but I felt desolate enough and your father—he did not say much—but he was heart sick, I could tell that—but our troubles are past now I hope and we shall all be happy again.” Marie gave him a relation of all that had occurred since their departure, only leaving out the trials which dame Krunfeldt’s temper had given her, at which he was much affected. The meeting of Marie with her father, was as may be imagined, one of great joy, but amidst all her transports, as amidst her sorrows, the thought of God was with all and over all. Every emotion of her heart was sanctified by the love of God, and all her hopes, through him, extended

no farther than his holy will. Dame Krunfeldt was quite beside herself with delight. She began all at once to talk about resignation and patience in suffering, until one would have thought she was a martyr who had endured all kinds of misery without a murmur. Plenty and cheerfulness reigned now, where a week ago want and poverty prevailed, and the Schaffs, if one might judge from their red, smiling faces, were the happiest of all. Henrich told his legends and sang hymns with Marie once more, Conradt and Schaff smoked together, and Mrs. Schaff, like a stream of water in the sunlight was beaming with delighted satisfaction, and congratulating every body, and praising God and giving honor to the Blessed Virgin, with a pleasant voice which sounded as sweetly as the music of the waves of the sun-lighted stream.

When Marie called the next week at

the house of the benevolent lady who had given her work, she found the hall strewn with travelling trunks and boxes, and every thing wearing an appearance of bustle and preparation of some kind or other. Her father had accompanied her thither from church where they had both been together, and as they stood on the marble step waiting to be admitted, a carriage drove up to the pave—the steps rattled down—the ladies rushed out from the parlor to the hall door, and a gentleman sprang from the carriage, and respectfully assisted a venerable looking man to alight.

“God be praised for ever, Marie!” whispered Conrad; “this is the merchant with whom I deposited my goods and money!”

Marie burst into tears! She was overcome by the goodness of God; she felt as if she must kneel on the marble step and

adore him for the wonders of his love and providence.

“Ha! thou here my friend. I thought thou wert in the west long ago!” said the merchant, grasping Conradt’s hand.

“And thou too, Marie!” said the lady, “thy muslins do famously! come in altogether. This is my husband—he was obliged to run away from his business on account of his health—that is my son, Marie—that elegant young man who helped his father from the coach—he is a good son—but come in!”

“This is my father, lady, who I thought was dead!” said Marie, modestly.

“Well! the wonders of the mercy of God are great—thou didst know, Marie, in whom thou wert trusting; but come in, thy father too must come in and share our joy!”

After every thing was explained, and the ladies were done wondering over the remarkable events which had occurred,

the old merchant proposed to Conradt, to give him the situation of head manager, on a large farm he owned near the city, and if he was satisfied with it, a salary of four hundred dollars per annum. “And” continued the benevolent man, “I could give you more if you understood gardening—as it is, I shall be obliged to get a gardener, who will also require a salary!”

“Henrich,” whispered Marie.

“Yes, Henrich is a master gardener!” said Conradt, who then explained to the merchant who Henrich was and what his qualifications were.

“He is the very one I want—so, good Conradt, come this evening to my counting room—ah I forgot to tell you; in consequence of a fire which burnt my old one down I was obliged soon after to move to a new one—here is the number, though—come this evening and we will conclude this business more at our leisure!”

Some four years afterwards, the nice white house, which stood back in a little garden filled with roses and dahlias, and which was once rented by the good Krunfeldt was the scene of a happy festival. An old woman with a high crowned white cap was walking backwards and forwards from the house to the garden, and from the garden to the house again, with large clusters of flowers which she cut, and arranged into boquets with great taste : A young girl, fair and beautiful, who had not known more than fifteen summers ; arrayed in white, with a wreath of white roses on her head, followed and assisted her. It was the beginning of the Indian summer, and the morning was balmy and bright as May. The birds sang as of yore among the vines and trees, and the gravelled walks were in the neatest order possible, while the passing winds, moving over the rose bushes at intervals,

covered them with a shower of fragrant leaves. This was dame Krunfeldt and Katrine! Conradt and Henrich, understanding the business to which the old merchant had appointed them, soon realized a handsome nett profit, which enabled them after some time to purchase the house and lot where Krunfeldt formerly lived. Who so happy as the old dame? Her summer days returned, and the brief but bitter cloud which had gathered around her after her husband's death only made her enjoy the sunshine more. While she was gathering the flowers which her hands had planted many years before, the gate opened, and the Schaffs, old and young, dressed in their holiday suits, came in—soon after an elegant coach drove up, and the old merchant and his lady got out and went in; then came another carriage, and the excellent jeweller and Henrich sprang out and followed

them. Dame Krundfeldt and Katrine did not come out again to get more flowers, and every thing was quite still, except a pleasant murmur of conversation from the house. At last the mystery was solved. Conradt came out first with Marie, arrayed simply in white, leaning on his arm. A veil of transparent lace, fine and beautiful in its texture, was thrown over her head, and fell in graceful folds around her; her eyes were modestly cast down, and a delicate blush mantled her cheek. Then came Henrich and Katrine, looking very happy, although they were quite silent. The old merchant and his lady, the good jeweller and dame Krundfeldt, followed by all the Schaffs, ended the procession. The old merchant handed Marie and Katrine into his own coach, and dame Krundfeldt and Conradt with Mrs. Schaff got into the other, while the rest followed on foot to St. Alphonsus,

where Father Holburg, who had been once more recalled to the city, awaited them at the altar. Henrich and Marie received the blessed sacrament, after which they were united in marriage. The gorgeous lights streamed down as brightly on the happy bride as they had done some five years previous, when, broken hearted and miserable, she had brought her woes to the Saviour to be healed, and as she turned away after the ceremony was over, a golden ray quivered lightly around her, and revealed, beneath the transparent folds of her marriage veil, half hidden by the braids of her silken hair, a tiny chain of gold, fastened with a rich clasp, in which was set an ORIENTAL PEARL.





Dorsey, Anna H.

The Oriental Pearl: or The Catholic Emigrants

Baltimore 1850

P.o.angl. 95 q

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10746202-3